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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

THE PLANS AND HOPES OF THE REBELS.

SPEECH OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

[Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, is travelling around among the cotton planters, to persuade them to contribute a portion of their crop for the present year for the support of the war, the same to be sold by the Confederate government, the subscribers taking Confederate bonds therefor. From Mr. Stephens's speech, at Augusta, Ga., July 11th, we present the following extracts:]

THE point I present to you is, that we stand now where our revolutionary fathers stood. All we ask is, to be permitted to govern ourselves as we please; and for one, I declare to you to-day, you may think of it as you please, the people of the South may decide it as they please, but as for one, I would never surrender this principle, though every valley from here to the Potomac should run with Southern blood, and every hill-top be bleached with Southern bones (tremendous applause). Home, firesides, life, friends and luxuries are dear, but there is something dearer to a true man than life, and home, and all. It is honor and independence (applause). Let the enemy, therefore, make his calculation as wide and broad as he pleases. I say every true Southern heart is impressed with the magnitude of the responsibility at any and every cost. Our fathers pledged life, honor and fortune for this principle, and I know we are not the degenerate sons, nor are we the degenerate daughters of the noble matrons of that day, that would sacrifice, lose, or surrender these principles at a less cost.

The men are ample; the means to support them is the subject upon which I am to address you, and how is the money to be raised? War, I tell you, costs blood as well as treasure. Have we the means? Can we cope with the North? That is the question. We have not less than four thousand millions of taxable property within the Confederate States, upon the last minimum estimate. At last year's rates, we could therefore raise from one hundred millions to two hundred millions, for years to come, and yet survive. The wealth of nations, the ability of nations to sustain war, depends not so much upon its taxable property as its productive property. It is to the latter we must look for the means and ability to sustain war, for in times of war, generally, all business is interrupted. In this particular of productive capital, perhaps there is no people in the world more favored under heaven, and for which we ought to be grateful, not boastful; and it is one of those blessings for which we should return thanks. No nation in the world, with the same population, has such a continuous annual productive capital.

I have not stated the wealth of the North, but it is not my purpose to detract from it. They were a people of wealth. Most of it, however, come from their connection and trade with us. They were an ingenious and manufacturing people. We are an agricultural people. Their interests and ours were blended together. Our prosperity enabled them to become prosperous, and their States grew up by our trade and commerce. Most of their wealth, when you come to estimate it, was nothing but profits derived from our trade. Cut off that trade. Most of the wealth of the State of New York—and that State alone is estimated to be worth four hundred millions of dollars (that is the taxable property of the State of New York)—and in what does it consist? Close up the harbor; cut off manufactures. What does it consist in? Bricks and mortar—nothing else. And if the war lasts as long as the siege of Troy, in what will their wealth consist? It will disappear: for the bricks and mortar will be worth no more, unless there are tenants and the profits derived from labor, than the bricks and mortar in the arid plains of Babylon.

Sixty-one millions of New England capital consisted alone in cotton manufactures and cotton spindles. These factories look to us for our raw materials. This capital is now literally paralyzed; it is dead capital; and will be as long as this war lasts. Of their nominal produce I do not now speak. Woolens, hats, shoes or silks, or every variety of dress I see before me, from the crowns of the heads of the fair ladies to the soles of their feet, all, nearly all are supplied by the North, and there are eleven millions of annual product from the sales of cotton goods alone. All this will be cut off, and other things will be equally cut off.

The great difference between the North and the South to carry on the war—and this I say to you in prospect of a long war, for I wish our people to see the full magnitude and to feel the full responsibility which rests upon us in it, and to see our responsibility to meet it—is this: The North sold us some two hundred and fifty millions annually. This was their riches; hence came their wealth; hence grew their cities. Their wealth was but the accumulation deposited from our commerce, just as the delta of the Nile was enriched above the lands of any other portion of Egypt, by the deposit of rich alluvial soil brought down from the mountains and deposited in it. The riches, money and power of the North came in the same way. Our cotton was the source of it, and how Mr. Lincoln is to get his $500,000,000 I do not know. That is a matter for him to determine, though I may say more about it before I get through; but at present it is sufficient to say that Mr. Lincoln has dammed up the water that turns the mill of Northern prosperity. How long the mill will run time alone will determine.

We grow supplies that the nations of the earth must have—that is, the cotton. What the North is to do without it, as I have said, I cannot say. Hundreds of thousands are dependent upon it for daily bread, and these people are now turned out of employment. Perhaps they are the men who, for want of bread, have joined in this unnatural and suicidal war, which will be to them as disastrous as to us. In England, perhaps, not less than five millions of people depend upon cotton for their daily bread; in France, several hundred thousands, if not millions (I am not particular in my statistics). And, when you come to take into consideration the amount of capital, the number of sailors, and the amount of tonnage employed in this trade, you will be still more surprised. Why, in the United States there are 40,000 seamen engaged in the transportation of cotton alone. And if you take into account the numbers in England, France, Germany, Holland and Bremen engaged in it, you will find that it will amount to not less than ten millions of people, to say nothing of the hundreds of millions of money capital engaged in it. This, therefore, is an element of great power—the great motor of the commerce of the world. We grow it. There is no part of the world that grows it as we do. We supply the markets of the world—they must have it.

I meet many asking about the blockade. I cannot, to-day, tell you how the blockade is to be raised. But there is one thing certain—in some way or other it will be obliged to be raised, or there will be revolution in Europe—there will be starvation there. Our cotton is the element that will do it. Steam is powerful, but steam is far short in its power to the tremendous power of cotton. If you look out upon the ocean to-day, and inquire into the secret agency of commerce, you will find that it is cotton that drives it, and the spindles and looms, from those in your own State to the remotest corners in the world—it is this element of cotton that drives them; and it is this great staple which is the tremendous lever, by which we can work out our destiny, under Providence, I trust, against four hundred thousand, or against four times four hundred thousand (applause).

I have been frequently asked if bonds of the Confederate government were good. Well, I want to be equally frank upon that point. If we succeed, if we establish our independence, if we are not overridden, if we are not subjugated, I feel no hesitation in telling you it is the best government stock in the world that I know of. These bonds pay eight per cent., semi-annually; therefore, if there is a short war, these bonds very soon will command fifteen or twenty per cent.; but candor also compels me to state that if Lincoln overruns us—if we are subjugated, these bonds will not be worth a single dime, and nothing else you have will be worth anything. If we are overrun, they will be worth just as much as anything else you have, and nothing else you have will be worth anything (laughter). So that is the whole of it.

It is a common inquiry with me, how long I think the war will last—whether or not it shall be a short one? Well, my countrymen, I will tell you this, that it is known only to the Ruler of events. It is curtained from mortal knowledge and mortal vision. I know not; I would not know if I could. It is in the mysterious future; but there is one thing I can tell you with confidence, and that is, it is going to last until the enemy is whipped and driven from our soil (tremendous applause). And it will require men and money to do it, and the best way to make it a short war is to send men into the field, and to raise means enough to support them in the field to drive the enemy out. This is the best way. This is the way to make it a short war, and in this the cotton planters can contribute; and when I tell you it is an uncertain war, I cannot account for its duration upon any rational principle. It is a fanatical war, and whenever fanaticism gets control of reason you can make no speculation in regard to it.

This is a war against reason in every sense of the term. In the first place, many of those engaged in it are engaged in a crusade nominally to ameliorate the condition of a portion of our population. They are engaged in a crusade to make things better than the Creator made them, or to make things equal which he made unequal. It is impious in that a great deal of the fanaticism of the war springs, I doubt not, from that source. Such an effort never could succeed, were they to overrun and drive us away. These very people would do as some are now reported to be doing in Virginia (of which I neither affirm or deny the truth)—capture the black population and send them off to Cuba for sale. But there is one thing certain, that they can no more carry their fanatical designs than they can make the Savannah run to the mountains; for the Great Creator—the Ruler of the heavens and the earth—He that made and fashioned him—made one inferior to the other, and made some to differ from others.

This fanatical sentiment of the North will no more make the negro equal to the white man that it will make the leopard change his spots or the Ethiopian his skin. It is a war against the interests of those who wage it, and, of all the people who will suffer by it, the New England States will suffer the most. Their trade cut off, their supplies cut off, their source of wealth cut off, where are they to trade hereafter? We furnish them a market no other people in the world do. They cannot sell their goods to Great Britain, for they are suppled by British manufactories. Nor can they furnish Germany or France. Out of these two hundred and fifty millions of goods they sold, they did not send ten millions to the Old World. It all came to the South. We are their market.

We wished to continue to trade with them, but they would not perform their part of the compact, and carried out the old adage of the "man who cut off his nose to spite his face" (laughter), and I cannot account for it except in the old Roman maxim, that he "whom the gods want to destroy, they first make mad." This is a war against the principles which their fathers and our fathers fought for—that every State government derived its power from the consent of the governed. These were the principles of Hancock, Jackson, Madison, Randolph, Pinckney, and others. They were the principles their fathers and our fathers united in fighting for; and now they have made them a mockery of all history and the shame of their ancestors. These people are now warring against that principle, and attempting to govern us as King George did; it is, therefore, an unnatural and irrational and a suicidal war, and you cannot count upon its duration. When a people becomes mad, there is no telling what they will do. It is so in the history of other empires; it was so in France. They say we are revolutionists; they call us rebels. I think it will be a revolution before it is over; but if a change of government makes revolution, the revolution is at the North.

I tell you the revolution is at the North. There is where constitutional liberty has been destroyed; and if you wish to know my judgment about the history of this war, you may read it in the history of the French Jacobins. They have become a licentious and cowardly mob, and I shall not at all be surprised if, in less than three years, the leaders in this war, if Lincoln and his Cabinet, its head, came to the gallows or guillotine, just as those who led the French war (applause); for human passions, when once aroused, are as uncontrollable as the elements about us. The only hope of mankind rests in the restraints of constitutional law, and the day they framed and ratified these lawless measures of Lincoln they dug their own graves. They may talk of freedom and liberty, but I tell you no people without rulers restrained by constitutional law can be free. They may be nominally free, but they are vassals and slaves, and this unbridled mob, when they attempt to check it, Lincoln and the rest will be dealt with just as I tell you it was in France.

Why, the conservative sentiment in the North is against this war. When I tell you it is fanatical, I do not mean that all men are fanatics. Just as the sturdiest trees of the forest yield to the blast of the storm, so have the friends of the Constitution yielded at the North. And how is Lincoln to get these $400,000,000? I told you I might say something more about it. They have not the money. That is true. I suppose the North now might raise $100,000,000 in gold and silver. I have not seen the returns of the banks. But their money-lenders are not going to lend it. Some say that the war will be a short one. No, my friends, do not lay that flattering unction to your souls. How did the Jacobins raise their money? Why, they laid their hands upon it; and that is the way they will do at the North. First, they will issue scrip; but the Secretary of the Treasury cannot come up and tell them that it is wrong. He has not the nerve, and he might lose his head if he were to do it. They may issue four hundred millions of Treasury notes, and thus get along for twelve months, or perhaps two years, before they are too much depreciated. They will then issue scrip against the rich man's property.

What is to be the result of this war? I am not a prophet, but I look upon it as fraught with the most momentous consequences, not unto us, but to the people of the North. I have always believed that if the Union were destroyed, the North would run into anarchy and despotism. We are the salt of the concern, and it is only questionable whether or not we have quit too soon. That is the only doubt I have. Where it will end I do not know, but never again will they enjoy Constitutional government at the North. They never understood it. Constitutional liberty is a plant of Southern growth, watered by Southern hands, nurtured by Southern hands, and if it is to be maintained, to live to light the world, it is to be done in the Southern Confederacy (applause). At the North there is anarchy. Property will migrate just as it did in France. That is the end.

When men come to you crying "Debt! debt! debt!" tell them as Patrick Henry did, when they cried "Beef! beef! beef!"—let your debt wait; let all the machinery of society stand still until independence is secured. I would say, just as if my house were on fire, "All hands to the buckets; let the flames be extinguished." Let the courts and everything else stand still except to administer justice; let us all patriotically wait; let us all put our shoulders to the work and act together with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together. That is the way to drive out the enemy, and it will be successful. They rely upon numbers, and they have got them; but I have told you the battle is not to the strong. We rely upon the righteousness and the justice of our cause, and also the valor of our men, though they bring two to one, three to one, five to one, or ten to one, as was done in Greece. We rely upon the valor of our men—we rely upon our men fighting for their homes, firesides, children, and everything dear to them; and, in such a cause, we have no doubt the God of battles will smile upon us.

[Comment upon this speech would be superfluous. It is interesting, because it shows by what unblushing impudence and falsehood the Southern leaders deceive, inflame and betray their followers.]

THE STANDARD.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON'S ADDRESS,

Delivered at Rev. Mr. Grimes's Church, Boston, Sunday Evening, July 21, 1861.

Reported for The Pine and Palm by J. M. W. YERRINTON.

I HAVE been invited by your pastor to speak to you on this occasion, and I very cheerfully accept the kind invitation. If I have not appeared before you as frequently in later years, as I did at an earlier period, it is not that I have lost my interest in your welfare, or am not laboring constantly in the cause of the oppressed in our land; but because our relations to each other are thoroughly understood, and I feel that you need little or nothing from me in regard to the great struggle which interests us all.

It is upwards of thirty years since I dedicated my life to the work of emancipating every slave in the United States. This period covers the average life of a whole generation. Of the colored citizens of Boston who commenced with me in this glorious struggle, the aged, of course, have long since passed away, and seen "the last of earth"; the middle-aged have ripened into venerable years, and the youthful and infantile have grown up into full manhood and womanhood, and are now surrounded by their own children. Of course, I have not stood still all the while, but have been going on, taking the same steps in the grand march of eternity—upward and onward let it be, forever and ever, with us all! It has been a long and severe struggle. Through what strange vicissitudes, through what trials and perils, who can tell? And then, what victories have been achieved! Victories, I say; because, never, since the anti-slavery movement was launched, has it gone backward, but always forward. No matter how mighty the obstacles thrown in our pathway, no matter how dark and heavy the clouds round about us, no matter how fiercely the storm has raged, no matter how, for the hour, it has seemed as though the enemy were about to triumph, our cause, being inspired with the spirit and the truth of God, has proved itself equal to the emergency, and has thus far triumphed over all opposition; so that, absolutely, as it were, from nothing, having not even the strength of an infant, it now shakes the land, and has marshalled hundreds and thousands of men on the battle-field, on the one great issue, whether freedom or slavery shall rule the republic.

Let us see what the state of things was as early as 1828, when I first as an editor became the advocate of emancipation. At that time an Abolitionist, in the modern sense, was unheard of. The whole country had been drugged by the poisonous influences of slavery. The slaveholders everywhere dominated—in the Church and in the State; everywhere demanded and received the utmost homage. Slaveholding was not only respectable, it was a passport to public favor and to private honors; and no where was the voice of condemnation heard—no where was the standard erected, by which the system, and those who are under the system, could be accurately measured, and fairly tested, as before God. Everything was subjugated to the will of the South. The press, the pulpit, the Church, the forum, the legislative hall, Congress—all these were under the influence and moulded like dough by the Slave Power of our country. And then the condition of the free colored people was such as to excite little or no commiseration. They had none to stand up in their behalf, and to demand justice and equal rights for them. It was a day of darkness and heaviness, and it seemed as though no light remained in the heavens. I do not wonder that the nation, at that time, regarded me as insane in thinking to change all this, under God—or any other person, without position, without influence, without means. I say, I do not wonder at all that the struggle, at the commencement, appeared perfectly ridiculous, nay, quite insane, to the people of this country, in view of the work to be done in effecting a radical change in the public sentiment of the land. But, my friends, you remember the declaration of an Apostle of old, that God "chooses the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, that no flesh may glory in his presence", and I humbly think, that in the history of our glorious struggle, all this has been demonstrated. For whatever has been done, has not been done by the power of man, but by the spirit of eternal truth, by a reliant faith upon the promises of God, and by being exactly and always in the right.

I began this work in an uncompromising spirit, as every true reformer must and will, in attacking any gigantic, organized sin. The slaveholder in vain pleaded that he held his slaves by a Divine right, under both dispensations—under Moses, and by the sanction of Jesus Christ. In vain he told me that his right to hold his slaves consisted in this, that he had bought them fairly, and paid their full market value, and they were his lawful property. In vain he pleaded that he inherited his slaves, and therefore had a right to possess them. In vain he pleaded that to emancipate his slaves would only be to make their condition wretched and miserable. To all his pleas, I simply gave the lie, and declared that there could be no such thing as property in man; that the firmset earth is not more sure, that the sun in the heavens is not more palpable than this—that man is man, that no man can be a thing, a piece of property, a beast of burden, without an insult to the majesty of God and a desecration of the human soul; and that it is the right of every slave to be instantly freed, and therefore there must be no compromise whatever (applause). I did not say, simply, that slavery, as a system, is wrong, but that the act of slaveholding, claiming the right, in any case, to hold human beings as slaves was a sin against God, and a crime of the deepest dye.

I was struck at the beginning with the quick instinct of the slaveholder. The moment that the axe was thus laid at the root of the tree, he foresaw the certain abolition of slavery. If I had only said that slavery was an evil to be deplored, and some time or other, in the distant future, to be abolished, he would have responded in the affirmative, and we should have had no controversy, and of course we should have had no progress. But it was the doctrine of instant, unconditional emancipation, proclaimed without any disposition to consult worldly expediency or carnal policy, that made him see, as it were, the handwriting upon the wall, proclaiming that the overthrow of his despotic power was approaching.

I also took the ground that slavery and Christianity are utterly irreconcilable. I vindicated Jesus Christ as the emancipator of men, against a profligate and apostate Church, which affirmed him to be, in particular cases, the enslaver of men. I reconciled the Gospel of Jesus with humanity, with justice, with liberty, with an uncompromising regard for the rights of man; and thus, under the banner of the Great Emancipator, I went forward to question the religion of our land, stained with the blood of the millions in bondage. Of course, I could not be accepted, under such circumstances, by such religionists, as a religious man. Of course, in denying to them the Christian character, I rendered it inevitable that they should deny it to me. Of course, they, assuming to be the true Church, were able to write me down an "infidel," and themselves "the elect of the Lord"—although, the Lord knows, they belonged to Beelzebub, rather than to the Prince of Peace (applause and laughter). But this has been the proclamation of abolitionism from the beginning: Christianity is for man; Christianity is for liberty; Christianity is on the side of the poor and needy; Christianity is against the proud and despotic; Christ has come to open the prison door, and to set the captive free. And this we shall preach until the last fetter of the slave in the land is broken. As for our religious reputation, it will take care of itself, now and in the good time coming. Certainly, if to be a Christian, I must be a rogue, I shall not be a Christian. If to be a Christian, I must connive at robbery and injustice, I shall not be a Christian. If to be a Christian is to have the right to buy and sell human beings like cattle in the market, I shall not be a Christian. But it is not so. It never has been so. Christianity is a flame of fire against everything unjust, unrighteous and unequal, and I want nothing better than the gospel of Christ to contend with any form of tyranny on the face of the earth.

I also saw that the slave must be made the test of everything in this country, and therefore made him the test. What better test could there be? What test so vital and so sure? What is there on the face of the earth to compare with man? Parchments, constitutions, laws, parties, sects—let them perish, if you please, but let men be saved! All these, if good for anything, must be to subserve the wants and the interests of man; not to crush him out of existence, not to hurl him down among four-footed beasts, but to help him onward and upward to the eternal throne; and just so far as they stand in the way of his progress, or interfere with his emancipation, we are bound to say to them, "Get thee behind me, Satan!". Putting the slave into one scale, and all these parties, sects, parchments, constitutions, etc., into the other, let them kick the beam, and let him outweigh them all.

Thus the slave has been to me, in a sense, my redeemer. I have had no difficulty in making his case my own. In judging of men and things in this land, whatever I have found to consent to his enslavement, I have regarded as inimical to my own being, and therefore I have been compelled to reject it. And so, until this controversy is settled, the slave is to be held uppermost and paramount, and all things in the land are to be judged according as they gravitate to him in order to serve him, or press upon him to crush him down.

At last I was brought to see that the government of the country stood directly in the way of the slave's emancipation. What could I do? What ought I to have done? If it was in conspiracy with the oppressor, how could I help crying out against it? If, in looking into the Constitution of the country, I saw there compromises and guarantees whereby the slaveholders of the country were enabled to possess themselves of their slave property securely, and to extend and enlarge their slave system, what else could I do, consistently, as an advocate of the slave, than to cry out against it, and pronounce such an instrument "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell"? And so the slave again was put into one scale, and the government, the Constitution, and the Union, into the other. They kicked the beam, and he outweighed them all.

Then, in regard to yourselves as nominally free, I did not ask that you might be permitted to enjoy certain privileges; no, but have always demanded that you have all the rights and all the immunities that the white people of this country claim for themselves. I have declared you entitled to stand on the same platform of equality with all others, and that to crowd you off, or to deprive you of any of those rights and privileges, is to be, in spirit, a slaveholder—is an act of gross injustice, and ought not to be tolerated any longer.

In the course of this struggle, I was led to look at a scheme which promised greatly to aid you in the work of elevation and improvement. It came in a very specious guise; so specious, that at first I was entrapped by it for a little while. I mean, the scheme of African Colonization. Before I had examined anything as pertaining to that Society, I was led to accept the general statement in the country, that it was a most humane and benevolent association, and therefore also spoke well of it myself, upon trust. But the time soon came, when I saw it was your deadly foe, and that the very first thing to be done was to unmask the Society, to declare war against it, and to carry on that war until the power of the Society was broken. It was not because I did not take an interest in the civilization and evangelization of Africa—I did so, and do so now. I wish that Ethiopia might even now "stretch out her hands unto God." I long to see the day when the light of science and art, of civilization and Christianity, may flood all Africa. My heart goes out to her warmly and sympathizingly; and I lament that we have such a religion in our land as almost entirely to overlook the claims of Africa, while thinking of every other part of the globe. I was not opposed to the people of color going to Africa in the spirit of freedom, as a matter of independent choice. The world is large. White men claim a right to go and settle where they please, and they go. I think the right of the colored man is as broad and as ample as the right of the white man. It was not because I am unwilling that the benevolent should find opportunity to aid the distressed, the poor, and the needy. If any wish to try and better their condition elsewhere, give them the chance—pay their passage, and otherwise aid them. It was not on account of these things that I opposed the Colonization Society, as you very well know. My opposition to it was because of its origin. It was a scheme of the Southern slaveholders, whereby they might get rid of the free people of color, and keep their slaves more securely in bondage. This they avowed, without any disguise, and this was reason enough for my opposition. It was because it was designed simply as a safety-valve, whereby the surplus slave population might be drained off, and the system, as such, strengthened and invigorated by the removal of the surplus; it was because the scheme was under the direction of slaveholders, they always having a majority in the Board of Managers, and being very careful to see to it that the North should never have the power, numerically, to dictate the policy of the Society. Then many of its doctrines were monstrous—thoroughly inhuman and unchristian; it holding, in the first place, that slavery, in itself, is not a crime, whereas, it is a combination of all crimes; maintaining that slave property is as sacred as any other property; declaring that emancipation and colonization must go hand in hand together; affirming that to set any slave free, and leave him here in this country, is a great deal worse than to keep him in bondage—thus throwing a wet blanket over the spirit of emancipation, which, up to that hour, had been growing in the South, and thus retarding greatly the abolition of slavery through humane and conscientious manumission. The Colonization Society further declared, that the free colored people were incomparably worse off, and far more degraded, than the slave population; thus, of course, giving the slaveholder an excuse for keeping his slaves in their fetters. Then, you know, it constantly asserted that you ought to be sent to your own country—maintaining that Africa was your native land, and that you ought to be sent thither. As if a man necessarily ought to be sent to his native land, because he is absent from it; and as if those who were born in this country could by any possibility be natives of Africa! For I take it that the converse of this proposition would not be very acceptable to that Society—that those who are born in Africa are native Americans, and therefore ought to come over here, and make their abode! The Society also declared it to be bad policy to mitigate those rigorous laws which were in force in various parts of the country against the free colored population. It stimulated the passage of many such laws, in order to make your condition, as a people, so intolerable as to force you to go to Africa. It everywhere proclaimed, with terrible emphasis, that prejudice against color is a natural and unconquerable feeling, which God has implanted in the breast of the white man; and that it is not in the power of the Holy Ghost to root out that prejudice, thus endeavoring to stir up all possible enmity to you on account of your complexion, and, as far as possible, to break your own hopes and your own hearts, in regard to the future.

In addition to this, the Society, after representing you to be the most degraded of the human race, gravely affirmed, in the same breath, that you were the people best qualified to civilize and evangelize Africa! There was no end to the impudent declarations and glaring contradictions of that Society. It was also bitterly opposed to the anti-slavery movement from the beginning, and spared no pains to stir up the spirit of violence in our cities and towns, which broke out in various mobocratic manifestations, endeavoring to put down the discussion of the question of slavey.

Such were the grounds on which I assailed the American Colonization Society, and continued to assail it, until, thank God, it was rendered powerless. It has resolved itself into a simple missionary effort, and there, for one, I am content to leave it.

Now, without perceiving all the hideous features of this colonization scheme, the free colored people of this country everywhere had an instinct in regard to its villany. It is wonderful how quickly they sifted it through and through. That very proposition itself revealed to them the spirit behind it—that they should get out of this country, and go to Africa. The consequence was, that no sooner was that Society organized, than the colored people of Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, Hartford, New Haven, Boston, Providence, New Bedford, and other places, came forth, and in the most solemn manner declared their opposition to the scheme, pronounced it to be for evil and not for good, and declared before high Heaven that they would not go to Africa, but would die here in this their native land, willing to suffer, rather than to leave the slaves in their chains, and separate from them. Let me read you the resolutions adopted in this city at that time:

"Resolved, That this meeting look upon the American Colonization Society as a clamorous, abusive, and peace-disturbing combination.

"Resolved, That this meeting look upon the conduct of those clergymen who have filled the ears of their respective congregations with the absurd idea of the necessity of removing the free colored people from the United States, as highly deserving the just reprehension directed to the false prophets and priests by Jeremiah, the true prophet, as recorded in the 23d chapter of his prophecy.

And our colored friends in Philadelphia resolved in this wise:

"That we will never separate ourselves voluntarily from the slave population in this country; they are our brethren by the ties of consanguinity, of suffering, and of wrong; and we feel there is more virtue in suffering privations with them, than in fancied advantages for a season" (applause).

Worthy to be written in letters of gold upon the broad firmament!

Well, we now have a new colonization scheme submitted to us for our grave consideration. I mean the Haytian scheme. I do not wonder, in view of the past, that you are suspicious of every scheme which contemplates the colonization of the free colored people, on any considerable scale. It is perfectly natural and perfectly right that it should be so. I will frankly state to you how the matter lies in my own mind in regard to this new movement. In the first place, it is wholly unlike the other in its spirit, in its origin, and in its design. I believe it to be intended for your good, and for the good of those who shall go to Hayti. I believe that the government of Hayti is to be relied upon in regard to the overtures it makes to all those who may choose to emigrate thither from this country. The President of Hayti, I think, is one who may be confided in, and who is really worthy of all honor, as far as I can understand his character, and a man eminently worthy of his position; and it is very natural that he should desire to strengthen the power and increase the glory of Hayti as far as possible. It is something commendable on his part, that he should make the generous proposition to you who are here, to go over, and take your part and lot with those who are in Hayti. Remember that the American Colonization Society was originated and controiled by slaveholders and their accomplices. This scheme originated with the government of Hayti, and Hayti is not inimical to your prosperity, or to the emancipation of those in bondage in this land. Thus far, of course, I feel that I may speak freely and decisively respecting that movement. As to Mr. Redpath, the General Agent of the movement in this country, I believe that he, also, is animated by an anti-slavery spirit; that he has no desire to do anything that shall work to your harm, or be at all pleasing in the eyes of slaveholders. He has again and again perilled his life at the South by going among them, and endeavoring to converse with the slaves, as he could get opportunity, in order to ascertain their feelings and true situation. He has faithfully reported for THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and *The Liberator*, from time to time, in years gone by, what he has discovered. In the meritorious work of saving Kansas from border-ruffianism and the establishment of slavery upon its soil, his influence and labors were of very great value. So in regard to John Brown (applause) and his efforts to emancipate the slaves of Virginia, and through them, the slaves throughout our country; you all know what part he took in vindicating that movement and its heroic actors, and how thoroughly he abhors and detests slavery. So far, then, as this emigration, inaugurated by the government of Hayti, and its official agent, Mr. Redpath, are concerned, I have no censure whatever to bestow, and no quarrel to make, here or anywhere else. I do not see, as yet, any ground for bitterness of feeling, in the mere overture that is made to you to emigrate in companies, as you please, to that Republic. But do I recommend you to go to Hayti? No. Do I think, on the whole, that the scheme will work favorably in behalf of the colored people of this country? I am very much inclined to doubt. I fear any diversion from the one great object of abolishing slavery must prove, on the whole, detrimental. Whatever may be the motives, however kind the intentions, I think we cannot spare any of our means or our efforts, in the promotion of any foreign emigration scheme, so long as slavery maintains its hold in the land. No doubt, it is the hope of Mr. Redpath, and perhaps of President Geffrard, that this scheme may work in a manner damaging to American slavery. I dare say that it lies in their minds that it will do so. This is a matter of opinion, however, and not of principle. In my judgment, it will not so operate, nor speed the cause of slave emancipation, inasmuch as, after all, it is a proposition for you to get out of the country. In that particular, it stands precisely on a level with the old Colonization Society, the object being to have you removed. I have observed, in looking over my exchange papers, a very friendly feeling exhibited towards this Haytian movement, on the part of various pro-slavery journals. The fact is, they still desire that you may be "got rid of"—to use the popular phrase—that you may be removed out of the country; and they do not care what may be the motives operating in this direction, provided they can secure your banishment. A scheme of this kind set on foot, and powerfully urged, and to some extent successfully carried forward, must certainly encourage the belief that, after all, you can have no abiding place here, and ought to have no inducements held out to keep you here. This is the mischief of the thing. This strikes me as the nut of all the objections that might be brought against it. It unsettles the minds of the free colored people, making them in doubt whether to go or to remain; and this state of mind is not favorable to growth and development—to systematic and energetic action. I say, put your feet down, cost what it may for the time being, and declare that this is your native land—that here you stand, and mean to stand, until every slave is emancipated (applause). And when the abolition of slavery comes, as of course it must, I think nobody will then be in a hurry to get rid of any of you, by sending you to Hayti, or anywhere else.

Slavery is to receive its death-blow, ere long, let us believe; and the abolition of slavery, if not the immediate extinction of prejudice, will give it a blow that will speedily terminate its existence. It is a lie to affirm that prejudice grows out of the complexion which God has given to any of His creatures. How glad I am to find that prejudice against color grows out of slavery, and nothing else! It is freedom which makes us all equal. It is freedom which makes it possible for us, of all nations, to mingle together, like kindred drops, into one. But slavery, being of its father, the devil, has originated, as a curse, this terrible prejudice; and prejudice will remain as long as slavery exists. Abolish the system, and prejudice speedily dies. Has this not been the case in the West India Islands? Up to the time of emancipation, I believe that colorphobia, as we call it, was as furious and proscriptive in all those islands as it is, or ever was, in our own land. Now see, in the course of a few years, under emancipation, what a marvellous and almost remarkable change has taken place! Now the colored man stands up proudly by the side of his brother white man. Now he competes for all the offices in the government. Now he is the eminent merchant, now the distinguished lawyer, now the successful physician; and everywhere the barriers are giving way, and there is hardly any prejudice known. Men stand now, in the West Indies, very much according to their character and their real merits, and very little regard is paid to the matter of complexion. It will be so in this country. I do not believe that we are always to be a body of Ishmaelites. I believe we are yet to be Christianized, as a nation, bad as we are; and I think our case is about as hard as that of any heathen nation that has ever had a trial in this matter. I think we shall, as a people, by and by see that all this is unnatural, unjust and cruel, and endeavor to make atonement for the past, and give security for the future.

What a change has already taken place during the last quarter of a century! It is a great thing, before the law, to be equal with all others, or any other. Political equality in Massachusetts is universal. Under our State Constitution and our State laws, there are no distinctions known in regard to white and black. It is a great thing. It was not so twenty-five years ago. You now are vindicated, in the presence of the country and the world, as citzens of Massachusetts, and placed on the same footing with all others. In regard to education, it is an invaluable privilege that all the schools of Boston are open to your children, and that they may there obtain as good an education as the city of Boston gives to the children of the millionaire. It is such a privilege that it will be impossible for you to know or to estimate, in your day and generation, how great is its value for your children, and your children's children. In regard to public travel, what a change in the sentiments of the people has taken place in that direction? You now find nearly every mode of travelling open to you, with very little proscription or persecution. I know there is much more to be done, by way of obtaining full justice; but I am speaking of progress, and not of the realization of all we could desire. Thirty years ago, what colored man thought of going through the towns and cities of the free States, and undertaking to lecture to the people on various subjects, expecting to obtain a fair and candid hearing? And yet, how large a number have won the applause and admiration of thousands and tens of thousands—in many instances, of even the most prejudiced! So in regard to the various professions—law, medicine, and the ministry—progress has been the word. Certainly, we have great encouragement in regard to the future.

Now a word respecting the war. Our nation presents a most extraordinary spectacle; it is fairly divided asunder by the Southern slave oligarchy endeavoring to obtain universal dominion. Blood is now flowing like water; the earth is shaking with the tread of armies; and the question is, where shall we stand in the conflict? What is a fair and just estimate of it? In the first place, I think the Abolitionists may wash their hands in innocency of the war, and declare that they are not at all responsible for it, in any guilty sense. No; they who have advocated the perpetuation of slavery—they who have enslaved our fellow-men—they who have resisted the abolition movement—are to be held strictly accountable for the blood that has already flowed, and for the sorrows and sufferings that are to come. I know it is said that if the Abolitionists had not meddled with slavery, if they had not arraigned slaveholders as guilty men, if they had minded their own business and let the South alone, there would have been no trouble, and all would have been peaceful to this hour. It may be so; but, in that case, it would have been the peace of the graveyard! It would have been the extinction of every ray of light! It would have been the overthrow of every free institution! The Abolitionists have brought on the war, if you please, by changing the sentiments and feelings of the North—bringing them over to the side of liberty. But this is well-pleasing in the sight of God, and we mean to go on, endeavoring more and more to deepen Northern abhorrence of slavery. If God shall choose to wash slavery out by a river of human blood, we shall exclaim, as did the Psalmist of old: "Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever! To Him that overthrew Pharaoh and his hosts in the Red Sea; for His mercy endureth forever!"

The slave States, with the exception of three or four, have all left the Union. I am glad of it. You know I did not believe in the old Union. It may be that the government is endeavoring to bring us back to the old state of things. Let it try! I prophesy defeat. The slaveholding South declares that she will never again consent to live under the Constitution as of old, or under any new Constitution, with the free States. So be it. I know that the war is declared to be solely to support the flag and the Union, and not for the abolition of slavery. What do I care for these nice distinctions, when I see that it is an array of all that is free in the land against all that is oppressive and tyrannical? (Applause.) When I see that the object of the government is to preserve all the free institutions that we possess, as primary and essential? And though it may be willing, for the sake of peace and conciliation, to have the old compromises remain, the war on the part of the North is not for the sake of those compromises, but for the sake of those free institutions which are all so dear to us. The flag is no longer the symbol of nationality; it no longer protects any Northern man in any of the Confederate States; and when the flag that floats over my head is hateful to the slaveholder—so hateful that he wants to smother me in its folds—it begins to look handsome in my eyes, because it is, for the time being, the flag of emancipation. If it were the flag of slavery, then the slaveholder would himself rejoice to see it waving in the wind, and be the readiest to rally under it!

The lines are drawn. Say what men may, this war is really a conflict between the spirit of light and the spirit of darkness; between the forces of freedom on the one hand, and those of slavery on the other. I know that fugitive slaves, in a few cases, have been given up; but I have not heard that by so doing, any propitiation has been made at the South. I have not heard anything from Jeff. Davis to the effect that he is very much obliged for this, and intends now to surrender at discretion. All this is merely incidental. I look at something better than that—meaning a great deal more—a great deal more significant. I mean the pronouncing of fugitive slaves belonging to the rebels "contraband"—no longer slaves—no longer to be given up. Why, the practical effect of that proclamation is the emancipation of all the slaves in eleven States of the Union, just as far and as fast as the Northern army advances Southward! for as the Confederate States claim to be united to a man in the rebellion, it is, I say, tantamount to an act of general emancipation. Moreover, I feel quite sure that the government will find that it cannot subjugate those rebellious States, and still keep slavery alive. Hence, it is not so much on the virtue of the government that I rely, as on the necessities of the government. In order to succeed, as it is bound to succeed, it must proclaim emancipation to all who are in bondage.

Thus I take hope and courage from the signs of the times. Thus, every day, I watch the advancing army southward, anxious to get the earliest tidings of what has transpired in the last twenty-four hours in that section. It seems to me that we may all be warranted in believing, that, in spite of the machinations of our enemies, the hour is approaching when slavery shall go reeling to

the different Colonels of your command to have them removed and placed in charge of Colonel Gordon (2d Massachusetts Regiment), in command of the town.

By order of Major-General PATTERSON.

Signed, F. J. PORTER, A. A. G.

The Provost-Marshal in this war has lost his ancient dignity of Judge, and has degenerated into a police officer. This must have been very pleasant to a Massachusetts colonel, this duty of acting as jailer for the safe-keeping of runaway negroes belonging to men in arms against the country! I am happy to say, however, that upon inquiry at the office of the Provost-Marshal, Col. Gordon, this morning, I learned that no runaway "niggers" had been placed in his charge, and the inference is that the masters were mistaken as to their whereabouts. If not found in the neighboring woods, they had better look for them in Canada.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in ANY WAY to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE LESSON OF DEFEAT.

DEFEAT is a bitter medicine, but it is often a wholesome one. That we had at Bull's Run, we think it is now clear enough, will be one of this kind. We shall be all the better and stronger for it. It was "a heavy blow," but not "a great discouragement." Nobody regards it as a material reverse. It is discomfiture but not destruction, mortification but not ruin. The loss, in a military point of view, is nothing, allowing it to be as great as it has ever been asserted to be, while the gain in experience and preparation for the work before us may be infinite. Not a tenth part of the force we have on foot, or in immediate readiness, was engaged on that evil day, and the effect of the disaster has only been to stimulate the war-spirit and make the nation doubly resolved to conquer. The day was lost, but all was not lost with it, by any means. It was a "dishonest victory," like the one at Cherona; but not, like that, "fatal to liberty."

In the first place, it teaches us that our enemy is not as contemptible, especially in his own country and with the advantage of choosing his own method of fighting, as we have been but too ready to believe him. That Sunday proved the literal truth of what we said on the 6th inst., "The Davis faction have men enough, their cavalry is better than ours, their artillery as good—thanks to the judicious stealings of Floyd—they have abundance of excellent officers who have stolen their education from us, they are acting on the defensive in a country they know perfectly well—why should they yield the object they have gone to war to gain?" And they achieved the strategic success of bringing twice as many men to a particular point as we did. We have learnt the necessity of bringing bodies of much greater numerical strength to act upon the enemy than was thought necessary before the light of that day. For the enemy was not only twice as many as we, but they were multiplied by four by their position behind masked batteries. The rebels have never yet been able to stand up before our men, even when in superior force, in the open field, as Lyon and McClellan can testify; but behind earthworks, one of them is a match for three of our men, as they brag of being, and we must take that element into consideration in our future military calculations. It was reported some time ago that Beauregard had said that this war would be decided by artillery; and he has now given us a practical lesson in his art by which it will be our own fault if we do not profit.

A second benefit which must grow out of this defeat is the insight which it gives our soldiers and the North into the character of our enemies—a character the necessary consequence of the negro slavery which has degraded and brutalized the whites even more than the blacks, from the utter contempt for human life and the habits of cruelty which the system unavoidably engenders. It will take bitter experience and much blood, we fear, to teach men who have been bred up for the last quarter of a century in the nurture and admonition of the Constitution, that there is not some divinity that hedges an owner of slaves far beyond what sanctifies any other species of property-holding. It is part of the penalty of accompliceship in such a crime as slavery that it dulls the intellect and debauches the heart of the accessory. Hence the blindness which men in the high places, civil and military, assume to have, if they have it not, as to the real question at issue in this war. They refuse to acknowledge that slavery has anything to do with the matter, and try to make themselves and the country believe that the only possible result of their victorious conduct of the war will be to put things on the old footing before it began and to make the future even as the past. Hence the disgraceful slave-catchings of Burnside and of Cowdin—only the men caught by the furious zeal of the former happened not to be slaves—and the orders issued by Generals McClellan and Patterson for the aid and comfort of the slave-holding enemy. But we apprehend that a few more days like the 21st ult., with its firing on surgeons and ambulances, its bayoneting and cutting the throats of wounded men and its shelling of hospitals, will make the common soldiers, at least, understand the nature of the war and the source whence these fiendish cruelties proceed. *They* have never yet shown the slave-catching alacrity which has possessed their commanders, and we imagine what little they have felt will grow less and less as their encounters with the enemy are renewed.

We think, after a few more lessons like that administered at Bull's Run, the Northern people will begin to ask, For what is all this waste of wealth and loss of life, if it be merely to restore a political condition in which these barbarians were of necessity our own masters as well as the masters of their slaves? Is it worth while to submit to all the waste of life and property which the war must entail upon us, if the fruit of victory is to be the restoration of the insolent domination of Toombs and Mason, with the incidental recreation of an occasional slave-hunt for their behoof? This defeat is, very likely, the most fortunate thing that could befall us, just at this juncture, much more victorious than a victory. Supposing the chance of battle had gone the other way and the United States army had routed and dispersed that of the rebels and marched triumphantly on to Richmond, what would have been the result? The offering them of just such terms as shall invite them the most enticingly to return into the Union again. The kind of magnanimity which was invoked in aid of the Fugitive Slave bill and of all our concessions to slavery, would have been appealed to again, and we should have given them guarantees for slavery and for their political supremacy because of it, such as they had never dared to ask for. All the Contraband of War would have been restored, their debt assumed, and, most likely, all the traitors in army and navy would have been restored to their old rank. Twiggs would have been again placed in command of a division, Tatnall of a squadron, Maury of the Observatory, Mason and Toombs would be welcomed back to the Senate, and Jeff. Davis would probably have been the next President of the United States. We know that these ideas will be scouted as preposterous; but they are but the logical sequence of the assumed premises, and not at all more preposterous than many a passage in the history of the last twenty years, illuminated with the names of Clay, and Webster, and Everett, and whatever others there be of the brightest.

This horror is now impossible. Flushed with this victory, the magnitude and importance of which we have vied with them in magnifying, Davis and his fellow-conspirators will never accept of any terms but their own. At least, not till a long succession of victories and the exhaustion of their resources shall make it necessary. And whether we shall not be likely to be tired of the war before they are, is a question which will soon grow into a very prominent one. Death has but begun to darken the thresholds of the homes of the North. The load of impending taxation has not yet begun to weigh upon our industry. Few wars remain long popular, though they are always so at the beginning. We have been repulsed on the very frontier of the enemy's country, we certainly shall not penetrate to its heart without many a deadly struggle. And we fight under this disadvantage. The Southern army hate us with a perfect hatred. They have been educated to believe that all our property is just so much robbed from them. Had it not been for us, every man would have had his plantation and scourged his slaves in peace. Our men, on the contrary, had no more animosity to those they went to fight than a policeman has against a dangerous gang of thieves or gamblers whom he is sent to arrest. This fight, or a few more like it, will probably cure this defect in a measure, but the virulence of their animosity must needs be of a more furious type than any it can create on our side. Then, again, they have a genuine and hearty contempt for us—a contempt which we have only nourished and fostered by all our bare attempts to conciliate and win them; we, on the other hand, have the inevitable feeling of inferiority in their presence which long submission necessarily engenders on the part of those that submit to tyranny. All this is greatly in their favor, and will make the victory we propose to ourselves the harder to win. It will be won, and be worth the winning, only in case we accept as its necessary incident and end the Emancipation of the Slaves and the Reconstruction of the Union on the basis of universal liberty. Unless there be virtue and wisdom enough acquired as the war goes on to endure this action, it were far better that the Independence of the rebellious States should be acknowledged and a fragment of the great Republic rescued for the uses of Freedom and delivered from the abuses of Slavery.

COUNT GASPARIN ON THE AMERICAN CRISIS.

COUNT Agénor de Gasparin, a French Protestant, widely known by previous works on Protestantism, Slavery, and the phenomena and theories collectively called Spiritualism, has published a work* on the present crisis of our government and people. A translation of it, by Mary L. Booth (named below), has been printed in this country. The purpose of the book is to cheer and to help the opponents of American slavery, and to combat an error widely prevailing abroad in regard to us, that the United States, having up to this time pursued a prosperous career, are now beginning to decline. The author skilfully opposes this error, and shows that the true and permanent prosperity of this country depends upon the overthrow of slavery; and that, though the war now in progress is not directly waged against that wickedness, yet, since its result must be to weaken slavery, and advance far towards its extinction, the prospect is eminently hopeful, and the condition of the country more satisfactory than when this cancer was quietly and undisturbedly preying upon its vitals. He welcomes, as all true lovers of freedom must do, the shock of an operation which is needful to remove the disease.

Commencing by an allusion to the melancholy fact that we have become so accustomed to the *word* slavery as to think and speak of it with indifference, our author gives a brief but vivid description of the *thing*. He asks whether it is possible to "calumniate" a thing so base; and declares that our verdict against it need not wait for the substantiation of collections of atrocious deeds (exceptional or otherwise), but is rendered inevitable by a mere reading of the laws of the South upon this subject.

De Gasparin proceeds to show that the constantly increasing pretensions and aggressions of the Slave Power were dragging the United States nearer and nearer to utter ruin, when this process was checked by a voluntary withdrawal of the principal slave States, following the election of Mr. Lincoln. He forcibly sketches the successive triumphs of the Slave Power, culminating in the treacherous and infamous policy of Mr. Buchanan, shows that the crisis would have been more serious in proportion to the further extent of its delay, and declares his profound conviction that, instead of suddenly falling into ruin, as many European croakers affirm, "the United States have just been saved"!

Our author recognizes the fact that the Republicans, in electing Mr. Lincoln, had not the slightest purpose, or expectation, of emancipating the slaves. He makes the accurate distinction between this party and the Abolitionists, though he has formed very erroneous ideas of the latter class, having trusted, apparently, to the statements of their opponents, instead of examining their writings for himself. He does not expect the immediate overthrow, or the speedy entire extirpation, of slavery; but he considers it certain that the reign of that tyranny has ceased, that its tide has turned, and that it will henceforth dwindle and decay.

The Abolitionists can easily excuse the erroneous judgment formed by one who, in the very act of censuring them, himself adopts the essential features of their position; who laments that error and crime which suffered slavery to remain when the United States Constitution was adopted; and who finds his soul refreshed and exalted by the fiery contests in this country, in contrast with the quiet and unquestioned supremacy which slavery maintains in Cuba and Brazil. He sees the necessity of prompt and vigorous action. He sees the ruinous tendency of compromise, in a contest of liberty with slavery.

There are many little errors in this book, and some great ones. Not the least of these are found in the chapter entitled "The Churches and Slavery."

This speaks of "the Congregationalists and the Methodists" as the two "most considerable" sects, and represents that both these take a right position in regard to slavery; it represents the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church last year as having taken anti-slavery ground; it quotes from the revised "Discipline" of that body an excellent sentence as expressive of its belief and practice upon that subject, ignorant that that very sentence had been explained in the "Appendix" to be only "advisory," and not mandatory; it attributes to the reformatory spirit of the Congregational Churches certain action which internal evidence shows to have proceeded from the small and obscure "Church Anti-Slavery Society," to which nine-tenths of the Congregational Churches turn the cold shoulder; and it refers to the expulsion of a slave-hunting deacon from a Congregational Church in Ohio, as a fair specimen of the customary action of Churches of that order, instead of being, as it was, a peculiar and remarkable transaction.

By a similar misapprehension, although awarding just condemnation to the American Tract Society, this chapter represents that the other "religious societies" "declare themselves openly against slavery, in spite of the menaces of the South"; and it describes "the great American Board of Missions" as having "broken off its relations with the missionaries employed among the Choctaws, *for the sole reason that they refused to take the attitude befitting Christians in the face of the Indian slaveholders.*"

No doubt this enormous error (a direct reversal of the truth, as examination of the Annual Report of the American Board for 1859 will show) has been imposed upon Count Gasparin as truth by the persistent misrepresentations of *The Independent* upon that subject. Relying upon its statements, he could hardly think otherwise. And his book shows that he *has* relied upon its statements.

While treating of the connection of the Churches with slavery, Count Gasparin assumes that "the American awakening" (the extensive revival of 1858-9) had a very important influence in preparing the way for the present struggle, and in producing that unanimity with which the North is now contending against the rebels. Unfortunately for this hypothesis, that "awakening" extended throughout the South, as throughout the North, and not only produced as marked results by "conversion" in the slaveholding region as elsewhere, but had its rise, culmination and decline, both North and South, without the slightest attempt of its leaders, in either region, to direct its influence against slavery.

* The Uprising of a Great People. The United States in 1861. From the French of Count Agénor de Gasparin; by Mary L. Booth. New York: C. Scribner. 1861. Pp. 262.

Indeed, in the North, special efforts were made to prevent any action of new-born conscientiousness in this direction. Placards stood conspicuously on the walls of prayer-meetings, admonishing those who spoke or prayed that "NO CONTROVERTED TOPICS" were to be alluded to; and the most highly esteemed "religious" papers earnestly discouraged the mention of slavery in these meetings, as adapted to check the "work of grace." In fact, the influence of that great religious excitement has appeared in the appeals of ecclesiastical bodies, "Young Men's Christian Associations," etc., *on the rebel side*, urging their Northern "brethren" not to oppose either slavery or secession, quite as conspicuously as in any other manner.

Our author thinks this recent "awakening" to have been different *in kind* from the "revivals" previously known in this country, because it was free from intense physical excitement, shouts, ecstacies and convulsive sobs. But he mistakes in attributing these characteristics to all previous revivals, as much as in supposing that the last was more adverse to slavery than former ones. A personal knowledge of many revivals for thirty-five years past has shown us that they were as quiet and decorous as that of 1858-9; and experience and careful observation have equally shown us that *none* of them have caused, either emancipation of slaves in the South, or an increase of opponents of slavery among Northern men. On the contrary, when a person indifferent alike to slavery and anti-slavery becomes converted, and joins the Church, he almost invariably becomes hostile to anti-slavery; and the double reason of this change is manifest; he comes more than formerly under the influence of the clergy, the majority of whom deceitfully represent abolitionism as infidelity, and he finds himself required to recognize vast numbers of slaveholders in the South *as "Christian brethren."*

If *The Independent* had done its duty of prompt and energetic rebuke of its pro-slavery "brethren"—even in the single case of those delegates from the "Troy Young Men's Christian Association" who, travelling to New Orleans to attend a grand Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations there, in 1860, took certificates from the Mayor of Troy, testifying their soundness in regard to "the peculiar institution," to protect themselves against outrage from the young Christians of the South—Count Gasparin might have avoided several of the mistakes of his book.

As it is, however, even while accepting the calumnious statement of *The Independent* that our chief Abolitionists are opposers of Christianity, our author utters a noble rebuke against those who offer this as the pretext for withdrawing, or abstaining, from anti-slavery action. These are his words, pp. 90, 91 of the translation:

"And let no one put forward the shameful pretext: there are sceptics, rationalists, free-thinkers in the ranks of abolitionism! Why not? Questions of this sort, thanks to the Gospel, have entered in the domain of common morality; shall I desert these questions in order to avoid contact with men who reject the essential doctrines of Christianity? I confess that the orthodoxy which should draw such conclusions would appear suspicious to me. Voltaire, pleading for the Calas, will not make me turn my back on religious liberty; Channing, writing pages against slavery revealing a heart more Christian than his doctrine; Parker, blending his noble efforts in favor of the negroes with his assaults against the Bible, will not alienate me from a cause which was mine before it was theirs.

"I say, besides, that the objections of those men against Christianity force me to ask whether our conduct as Christians be not one of the principal causes of their scepticism. Is it quite certain that Voltaire himself would have been the adversary that we know him, if he had not seen that thought was stifled, that liberty was crushed, that conscience was violated in the name of the Gospel? Would not this same Gospel have presented itself under a different aspect to Parker, Channing, and the other Unitarians of Boston, if they had seen it at its post, the post of honor, at the head of all generous ideas and true liberties? Yes; there are Abolitionists who reject the Bible because they have heard certain orthodox Christians maintain that the Bible is in favor of slavery. Whoever teaches this, is of a school of impiety."

Our author sketches the political events which have led to the present crisis, shows the corrupt and treacherous course of President Buchanan, speculates upon the probable consequences of the rebellion, opposes the theory of an incompatibility between the black and white races which must prevent their living side by side in amicable equality, and declares his belief that the present struggle will move surely towards a regeneration of the institutions of the United States.

The book is full of hope, cheerfulness and encouragement. In spite of mistakes, it can hardly fail to instruct and benefit its European readers, and to give a wholesome stimulus to the movement against slavery in both hemispheres.

HENRY T. CHEEVER TO GERRIT SMITH.

HON. GERRIT SMITH—*Beloved and Honored Friend:* By the date of your late letter in THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, to Representative Owen Lovejoy (which has just met my eye), I perceive that it was written a full week before the notable panic and retreat of our brave Army in Virginia—only paralleled by some of the panics recorded, as from the hand of God, in the Annals of the children of Israel. The governmental proclamation of liberty to the enslaved had not then become a military necessity of the war, except in the judgment of a few, who have firmly believed from the beginning that we can never again exercise governmental authority over the South until we take away that for which the South fights, that is, SLAVERY.

You are among the few who have had the sagacity to see, the ability to argue, and the fidelity to urge this from the beginning, as the wisest, justest, speediest, cheapest and gentlest way of finishing the war. In your letter, therefore, to Mr. Lovejoy, while everything looked hopeful for the government, while the temper of Congress was so admirable, its speech and its action alike energetic and decided, and the power of a patriotic people was at white heat, in that letter you rightly say, "The liberation of the slaves has obviously become one of the necessities, and therefore one of the rights of the country. Let the President, in his capacity of Commander of the Army, proclaim such liberation, and the war would end in thirty days. The South, beside that she would, when her millions of chattels are transmuted into men, have quite too much to fight *against*, would, when her slavery is annihilated, have nothing left to fight *for*. Hitherto the North has excused itself to itself and to Europe for not abolishing slavery. Its plea has been that it had not the right to do so. But what can be its plea now? Now, when the South has given it the right, and when, by all the rules of war, it is at full liberty to exercise the right? In making war upon us, the South has authorized us to cripple her in all the ways we can. It *may* be that we can (though I do believe that God will let us) put down the rebellion and yet save slavery."

In another part of your letter, after commenting upon the strange spectacle which our nation exhibits in the eyes of Europe, you naturally ask, "What is there that such a nation as France or England would *not* do to save itself in an appalling rebellion? But such is the amazing conduct of our nation as to occasion the inquiry—What is there that it *will* do? What must Europe think of this American chivalry which regards it as *dishonorable* to avail itself of an element of weakness in a merciless and dangerous foe?"

Now, what England thinks, or what leading men of the English government think, I am enabled to say from the recent correspondence of an intelligent and reliable observer in Great Britain, whom you will at once recognize. In that correspondence he thus writes: "A leading member of the House of Lords lately said to me, 'I have it from distinguished Americans that you do not mean to abolish slavery; that at the North there is no such intention, but quite the contrary. I have the same thing from other testimony, and it is but precisely what you have all along declared.'

"Another nobleman, also of the House of Lords, said to me, 'This is in perfect correspondence with all the past experience that the government of Great Britain has had of the feelings and policy of the United States. The United States government has thwarted the efforts of the British government against slavery in every way, and the North have proved quite as staunch protectors of slavery as the South. And now, when the British government and people would fain sympathize with the North in an earnest effort against slavery, they are assured that the North have no such purpose, no intention whatever of abolishing slavery! Why, then, should the people of the North expect Great Britain to sympathize with them against the South? Or on what ground can they be angry at her neutrality, if they disavow and deny the only principle on which the people of Great Britain could see or feel that it would be right in any way for them to take sides in the conflict, namely—the principle of the abolition of slavery and freedom for the enslaved?'

"Such are the expressions of opinion that you may hear on all sides, from the highest classes as well as the lowest. Nor can there be a doubt that the hesitating, uncertain policy of the United States government and people has increased this anxiety for neutrality in this country almost to a mania of caution. The policy of silence is earnestly advocated, and very successfully maintained; and the time when it might have been supposed that all England should have spoken out most loudly, is the time when everybody is saying to every other body, Don't say a word! Within only a day or two it was said to me by a member of the press, 'Let it be clearly understood in this country that the United States intend to abolish slavery, and the whole government and people would go with them most heartily. But if they have no such intention, then we must wait, and shall take the extremest care not to embroil ourselves in this quarrel.' These are the feelings I have heard expressed by leading members of both Houses of Parliament."

Since the late disastrous rout in Virginia—close upon the *perilous* order, given as the march began to Richmond, *to receive no more fugitives in our lines*, and right upon the heels of a virtual victory—and since the demonstration that has been made of the important aid rendered by slaves to the rebels at Manassas Junction and elsewhere, not a few of the most moderate and conservative among the loyal men of the North (I speak from personal knowledge of New England) have become convinced that our government is greatly in error in not moving at once to the annihilation of slavery in the rebel States, and so striking our formidable adversaries at their vulnerable point.

Some loyal citizens, that, a few weeks ago, would not sign a petition which I was circulating, asking Congress to take immediate measures for the entire removal of the cause of the war (slavery), now agree with you that, "as the most reasonable, hopeful and demanded means for putting down the rebellion, both Abolitionists and anti-Abolitionists should petition the President to proclaim the liberty of the slaves."

And *The Tribune* too—*Primus inter pares* among the powers of progress—is found saying, "Slavery is notoriously, by the confession of the rebels, as well as by the instincts of all true men, the TETERRIMA CAUSA, the blackest provocation of this war, and therefore not entitled to any special grace and favor on our part. It would be competent for Congress to grant reasonable compensation to unquestionable Union men for the loss of their slaves—to any rebel, *never!* That the best resolution of this difficulty will present itself at the right moment, if sought earnestly and in good faith, we have faith to believe. Probably, we shall all wonder to find *how easy a thing it was to be just, and marvel at our unbelief and hardness of heart.*"

In an exchange of pulpits last Sabbath with a brother minister of Massachusetts, the following sentiments were received with special favor at the close of the evening discourse on the Providential duty of the present hour in regard to slavery. Though long familiar to you, radicalism in such a form has not often found expression in the New England pulpit. But thanks be to God, under the working of Providential agencies, it is fast becoming popular, and when so it will soon be common.

Our present duty is to call upon the North to repent of its long continued complicity with slavery, and to be calling also upon the government, in the name of Humanity, of Justice, of Religion, to decree the national abolition of slavery by proclaiming LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND, UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF! Let us hold this up to the government, to the nation, and to the brave Army that has sprung to arms more wondrously than the fabulous uprising of armed men of old from the sowing of dragons' teeth. You are the army of Freedom, and called to arms by a formidable pro-slavery rebellion, you are to conquer a permanent peace only by the overthrow of slavery itself. That liberty may stand, you must put oppression down. God, the Age, the Nineteenth Century, the instincts of our Christendom, Christianity itself, and Eternal Justice will not let us conquer and keep slavery. In the order of Divine Providence, along with successes we shall also meet routs, until we have repented of our slaveholding, and have done the work meet for repentance in the national proclamation of liberty—until (in other words) in compliance with the military necessity which is now plainly upon us, we call upon the loyal free colored men of the North to aid in quelling pro-slavery rebellion, and declare to the slaves of the South, YOU ARE HENCEFORTH FREE.

When we have paid the utmost farthing for our past guilty complicity with the great crime of slaveholding, and when we have filled up the measure of our suffering through the very agency of our sin, then the eyes now holden will be opened to see and to seize the providential juncture of being rid forever of what has so nearly worked our ruin. And when, taught by a dire experience, we have learned to act upon the unselfish principle that liberty for the white man is liberty for the black man, and that ONE BROAD BANNER OF FREEDOM MUST FLOAT OVER EVERY AMERICAN, BE HE SWARTHY OR FAIR, then, and not till then, will victory perch upon our starry standard, and America will be a country indeed!

Speed it, O Father! Let thy kingdom come!

HENRY T. CHEEVER.

Jewett City, Ct., July 25th, 1861.

A LETTER FROM JAMAICA.

COLORPHOBIA IN THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

KINGSTON, Jamaica, July 5, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THERE'S great dearth of news here. Excepting the case of the Rev. Robert Gordon, there's nothing that will interest your readers. The Bishop of this Diocese is likely to get into bad odor, in consequence of his unjust conduct towards that clergyman, now resident in the city of Kingston. The Rev. Robert Gordon is a black, a native of Jamaica, and a minister of the Church of England. He obtained ordination in Canada, by the Bishop of Huron, about three years ago. Mr. Gordon was employed by the Colonial Church Society, and his services were deemed by those among whom he labored as *efficient* and attended with a pleasing measure of success, as letters testimonial and other documents in his possession show. It is to be expected that a black native of the tropics, and one resident for upwards of a quarter of a century in the Island of Jamaica, should find the habits of a Northern people unsuited to his tastes, and the rigors of a wintry climate trying to his constitution. Mr. Gordon stood the first winter well, but his health afterwards declined, and there appeared no other alternative left him, if he would preserve health, than to quit the frosty region of Canada. He sought, naturally enough, the congenial region of his native land. In returning hither, he fully expected employment as a clergyman, there being many localities where he might be advantageously employed; moreover, it was in Jamaica that he had fitted himself for a life of usefulness; all his considerable information had been acquired here, and here, above all places in God's earth, he was free to do all good. But Mr. Gordon has found great difficulties, for opposition of a formidable kind has beset him. There's a body of whites in Jamaica who are virulently prejudiced against even the educated blacks, and this body is composed of the old slaveholders, and they openly declare that the black clergyman would be better employed in digging canes-holes than in preaching. The Bishop has been influenced so far by this dominant party as to deny employment to the black priest, and to keep him in suspense. Mr. Gordon received his clerical honors at the hands of a Canadian Bishop; but, previous to his application in that quarter for ordination, he had constantly and solicitously sought ordination in his native land, but without success, having been then opposed by the same party which now urges the Bishop to deny the black man bread. During his earlier struggles to obtain a footing in Jamaica, Bishop Courtenay gave him the promise—reluctantly given, to be sure, but still formally made—of an appointment in the Church here; a promise he never redeemed, and now declares he NEVER WILL. Mr. Gordon, in spite of hope deferred, and malignant opposition, has triumphantly compassed his cherished wish in now presenting himself to his countrymen for employment as a full and accredited Priest of the Church of England. By a course of deferential conduct to those over and around him, he has succeeded in winning the sympathies of the public, and the whole Jamaica Press is thundering at the gates of the Episcopal Palace for the admission of the black priest into the charmed edifice; and unless Bishop Courtenay gives due heed to the demand, his personal character and high social position are at stake.

We, here, are all watching with intense interest current events in America.

Success to the Anti-Slavery Cause! N. L. E.

JUPITER VICTOR.

A FEW weeks ago, the London *Punch* published a caricature representing the North and South as two gladiators contending before a negro, who is mounted in imperial state. The Roman legend, *Cæsar Imperator*, is printed beneath the picture. There have been many occasions in our anti-slavery experience when, had it been given us to draw a truth instead of writing it, the most apposite emblems were at hand. And if there be to-day any of the satirical papers hawked in Wall street that dares prophesy by the pencil the thing that shall surely be, we suggest as a subject the passage in Homer where Jupiter tells the gods that if they fastened a chain to heaven and all clung to it, they would be too feeble to tear him from his throne; but that he alone could draw them all up to him. Let the artist take Mr. Jefferson's black coachman, as well known and historic among a thousand sable "Jupiters," place him high upon a celestial coach-box, and cause him to draw up, hand over hand, a whip-cord at which the gods of our American Olympus should be clinging in vain. Our last Fourth of July orator, clad in a tunic of New York *Ledgers*, might figure as the eloquent Apollo; ex-Marshal Rynders would be quite sooty enough for Vulcan; and if Dr. Adams and Miss Murray could not be so delivered from the body of their prosiness as to be mistaken for Mercury and Diana, there are other candidates upon whom the parts might be cast with singular propriety. The words *Jupiter Victor* beneath such a cartoon would express the sequel to the *Cæsar Imperator* of *Punch*.

How long it will be before the United States proclaim that the present war means emancipation—instant, unconditional emancipation—we will not pretend to conjecture. The religion of anti-slavery, which is properly one of feeling and faith, can also conquer by the powers of dispute and dialectics. It requires very common powers of observation to see that the time is at hand when the further tolerance of slavery must be at variance with the feeblest conception of polity and government. Behold what strange words an Ex-Governor of Massachusetts has lately preached at a Commencement festival in Harvard College. The lost Pleiad seemed at last discernible amid the nebulous learning of that worshipful institution. For the first time, men who claim the greatest freedom of speculative opinion were admonished by an old Democratic office-holder to make some practical use of it. Still, however, the North is only for repressing her unuttered thought. Get into conversation with any intelligent man in the street, and, whatever his political proclivities may have been, he will tell you that this war can only be ended by emancipating the slaves. He will add that he would by no means promulgate his belief just at present; that it is highly improper to speak aloud on this matter, for the people are not ready for it. Who can tell what the people are ready for? Four months ago, who supposed that the people were ready to sweep southward in locust hosts? Who shall say that the same facts which have converted the venerable hunker at our elbow, have not had the same effect on all his brethren in the land? So there is one more condemnation of that shallow *practical-usefulness* doctrine, which persuades a man to conceal his honest opinions on the plea that the times are not ready for them. How are the times ever to get ready for them if those who know will not speak for their instruction? The power of public acts to express general feeling, and to give us all the good the community can bear, can only come through perfect individual truthfulness. The solution of our national enigma is at hand. It has been guessed, as we think, by the tide of life that flows up and down our city streets; but with childish caprice it is yet whispered from one to another, never spoken aloud.

During the last war, Sir Charles Napier petitioned Parliament after this manner: "Give me two hundred thousand stand of arms, and land me in Virginia with only the officers and non-commissioned officers of three black regiments—that is to say, about one hundred persons, accustomed to drill black men. Let the ships, with store of arms, lay off while I strike into the woods with my drill men, my own regiment and proclamations exciting the blacks to rise for freedom; forbidding them, however, to commit excesses under pain of being given up or hanged." Sir Charles declared his opinion that a servile war so conducted would be marked by only common horrors. "As to horrors," he afterwards exclaimed, "war is full of horrors! Accursed be they who make unjust war! But the blacks could be held in more rigid discipline than our own troops, and there was no reason to think many horrors would have been perpetrated." It might be added that aversion to sanguinary revenge and the barbarities of torture is characteristic of the negro race. It is even rare that, as in the cases of Turner and Tillman, they can rise to the necessity of taking life in the most merciful manner, to rescue themselves and their posterity from bondage.

It is surely not as Abolitionists that we urge emancipation by violence and blood. We have long called upon this people to obtain remission of their great sin by penitence and a change of heart. But if the North chooses the awful responsibility of human slaughter to maintain a nationality against the assaults of slaveholders, then, we say, it is madness not to use the inherent weakness of the enemy to make the contest short and decisive. The morality or immorality of slavery has for once nothing to do with the question of its allowance. These are the inquiries pertinent to the day: Shall we longer be bound by the green withes of compromise, repudiated with every species of insult by armed traitors? Shall we send the flower of our young men—educated and laborious craftsmen, skilled in all arts to advance civilization and enlarge science—shall we send these, to be swept away by the shot and shell of slaveholders, or bayoneted as they lie wounded on the field? or shall we cease to nourish the cause of this bloody business, and thereby gain the sympathy of the whole civilized world? Alas! men think according to their opinions, but they act according to their habits. We have so hardened our hearts against the slave that we dare not withhold his bond from the Southern Shylock for far better reasons than satisfied the Venetian court. If, in taking the pound of flesh, a drop of Christian blood was shed, the land and goods of the Jew were declared confiscate. But the blood of a thousand men is poured out as a first libation before Washington, and we still deify certain provisions in a parchment which the only interested party has scornfully annulled. We know what may be said about duties to a handful of demi-loyalists in the border States; but it would be cheap to offer these thrice the value of their alleged property and guarantee them for life a luxurious support. Who would hesitate to level every house in the Fifth Avenue, if thereby a fire could be stayed that was wasting the life and property of the city? The right of any community to destroy such property in self-protection, afterwards paying for it, is palpable to a child.

That, at length, the United States will be forced to strike at the rebellion by annihilating the cause of the rebellion, we firmly believe. But it will make the greatest difference in the future of the country whether this is done at first, or at last—whether it is done deliberately in our strength and vigor, or desperately in our ruin and defeat. In the first case, we shall present the spectacle of a nation long bound to sin by deeds of others which it feared to repudiate, but, when at length a release was given which every despotism in Europe must acknowledge, springing at once to health and liberty. In the other case, we should resemble some grey-haired reveller, so wedded to vice that he cannot abandon it when it has ceased to be profitable or attractive, but who waits for utter physical inability before he can sham a virtue which is the contempt and hissing of men.

We have declared, as the result of our own observation, that the silent opinion of the North is far beyond its utterance and deed. But a disruption between the powers of thought and action, of which Hamlet stands as a type in the world of poetry, and Coleridge in the modern world of fact, may be the blight of nations as well as of individuals. *The Journal of Commerce*, New York *Herald*, and Boston *Courier* represent as small a constituency when they shout for slavery to-day, as when yesterday they clamored against the war. But the spell of the old Enchantment is yet upon the people, and they wait for doubting leaders to break silence. How long they will wait, we need not conjecture. The end is clearly prophesied; but the day and the hour knoweth no man. Let every one speak boldly such faith as is in him, and so speed the time of Freedom and Peace.

THE SLAVEHOLDER'S SCRIPTURE COMMENTARY.—IV.

As we are now waging a "holy war" for the defence and extension of slavery, it is of great importance to fix the Biblical definition of *doulos* and *douloi*. These Greek words, the learned philologists and advocates of our system insist, should be translated *slave* and *slaves*. To make "assurance doubly sure," this rendering, in other passages of Scripture, will be now given in its legitimate connection.

Matt. xxv: 14—For the kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own slaves, and delivered unto them his goods. 19—After a long time the lord of those slaves cometh, and reckoneth with them. 21, 23.—His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful slave: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord. 26—Thou wicked and slothful slave. 30—Cast ye the unprofitable slave into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.

NOTE.—We would venture modestly to suggest to our beloved Doctors of Divinity still another improvement in their philology and in the translation of the foregoing passages. According to our "code," they are well aware, "slaves are deemed and taken to be chattels personal, to all intents, purposes, and constructions whatsoever." Such a rendering, then, must add, *inexpressibly*, to the beauty and force of the sentiment: For the kingdom of heaven is as a man travelling into a far country, who called his own *chattels*, and delivered unto them his goods. ☞ A master of sound judgment, certainly! "Set a rogue to catch a rogue"; and place one kind of chattels in the custody of another kind of chattels to be kept and imprisoned! After a long time the lord of those chattels cometh and reckoneth with them. Well done, thou good and faithful chattel: thou hast been faithful over a few chattels, I will make thee ruler over many chattels: enter thou into the joy of thy lord. Thou wicked and slothful chattel! Cast ye the unprofitable chattel into outer darkness! Who can doubt that such is the true rendering, since *doulos* means *slave*, and slave means a "*chattel personal*"?

Luke ii: 29—Lord, now lettest thou thy slave depart in peace, according to thy word. [Let thy "*chattel*" depart in peace.]

Luke xvii: 10—So likewise ye, when ye have done all those things which are commanded you, say, We are unprofitable slaves: we have done that which was our duty to do.

Acts ii: 8—And on my slaves and on my hand-maidens [female slaves] will I pour out in those days of my Spirit: and they shall prophesy.

NOTE.—WE have some slaves who prophesy, that is, *preach;* and when we have occasion to sell them, we advertise the fact, as it enhances their value. *Such* chattels are usually to be *trusted*.

Acts xvii: 17—The same followed Paul and us, and cried, saying, These men are the slaves of the most high God, who show unto us the way of salvation.

Rom. i: 1—Paul, a slave of Jesus Christ, called to be an apostle, separated unto the gospel of God.

1 Cor. vii: 21-23—Art thou called being a slave? care not for it: but if thou mayest be made free, use it rather. For he that is called in the Lord, being a slave [a *chattel*], is the Lord's free man: likewise also he that is called, being free, is Christ's slave. Ye are bought with a price: be not ye the slaves of men.

NOTE.—This last direction must be addressed to *owners*, and not to their *chattels*. For, in another place, the apostle says, "Slaves, be obedient to your masters"; and we are not to suppose that such an advocate of slavery as Paul would contradict himself. The apostle knew that slaves must not be instructed to *read;* and hence the exhortation, "Be ye not slaves of men," could not be intended for *chattels*. On the other hand, he instructs us, that obedience of slaves to their masters should be enjoined *orally* and by force of "*cowskin*." WE are determined not be "the slaves of men." Hence we are at war with the Federal government to get rid of all Constitutional restrictions, and be free to hold slaves as long as and wherever we please.

The latter part of the twenty-first verse, "If thou mayest be made free, use it rather," is a little more difficult to explain. Doubtless, the true meaning is, If your masters are willing to give you "free papers," do not hesitate to *use* them. The apostle Paul, according to this reasonable interpretation, was not an Abolitionist; and hence he sent back his "son Onesimus" to his old master and "brother" Philemon.

Gal. i: 10—For do I persuade men or God? or do I seek to please men? for if I yet pleased men, I should not be the slave of Christ.

Phil. ii: 5-8—Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus: Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God! But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a slave, and was made in the likeness of sinful men: And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

NOTE.—A most excellent practical exhortation, to be urged upon our slaves, is cont

[in the New Jerusalem]: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his slaves shall serve him.

Rev. ii: 20—Notwithstanding I have a few things against thee, because thou sufferest that woman Jezabel, who calleth herself a prophetess, to teach and to seduce my slaves to commit fornication, and to eat things sacrificed with idols.

Note.—In a religious sense, fornication is properly condemned among the slaves of Christ. In *our system*, especially in the slave-breeding States, it is lucrative and justifiable. Indeed, we find no Scripture-warrant to either depose a minister or to excommunicate a Church member for concubinage with his slave. If it *were an offense*, it would be impossible to convict the perpetrator. For in neither Church nor State can the testimony of any colored person be admitted against a white man.

That we have given the true rendering of *doulos* and *douloi* we are willing our readers should judge.

Aletheia.

REMARKABLE PREVISION.

In *The Liberator* of March 10, 1857—four years and more than four months ago—appeared a report of a remarkable "Spirit Manifestation," purporting to have been made by the late N. P. Rogers of Concord, H. H., and the late Prof. Follen of Harvard University, to Henry C. Wright and others. Here is an extract, copied literally from the paper of the date above mentioned, which seems to have been an almost literal prevision of the war now raging in this country. Even if it be regarded as no more than a striking coincidence, it is of sufficient interest to justify its reproduction at this moment.

"Charles Follen then indicated his presence by spelling out his name, and said he too had a message to Henry C. Wright. A test was called for—a test that might be unmistakably recognized. One of the mediums present directly became *cold*, and much agitated, shuddering greatly, and seemingly suffocating as one drowning, and said, 'I am chilled through—but my head is on *fire*. I am dreadfully distressed.' The chest heaved convulsively. 'I am surrounded by *fire* and *water*.' The extremities were cold as if life was indeed passing away. This state lasted but a short time, when the communication continued, the following questions being put, and answered mostly by alphabet:

"'Do you and your associate spirits interest yourselves in the present struggle between the North and South in regard to liberty and slavery?'

"'Yes, most deeply we do—ever watching the anti-slavery movement with deepest interest.'

"'Can you tell the results of this conflict?'

"'We can—the certain dissolution of the present slaveholding Union, the formation of a Northern Republic on the principle of No Union with Slaveholders, and the abolition of slavery.'

"'How is this to be done?'

"'ONLY BY BLOOD!'

"At this point, one of the mediums saw, with the clearness of light, in a trance state, the fearful scene of conflict, and became greatly agitated—wept bitterly—threw up her arms and exclaimed, 'You have never seen A FIELD OF BLOOD! This is frightful! This influence must be removed, or I shall die.' Soon a sound trance-like state succeeded, and the following was written with a pencil:

"'This vision shall surely be realized. Waves of desolation shall roll, in quick succession, over this devoted nation. They set at nought all the laws of justice, and defy the Supreme Judge of all the earth, and are filled with their own devices. They have drunken in iniquity like water. I WILL GIVE THEM BLOOD TO DRINK.'

"'Where will this bloody conflict be?'

"'In Washington and the border States.'

"'Do you approve of this way of abolishing slavery and the Union?'

"'There is no other way now left by which to abolish slavery but by BLOOD. The day of *peaceful* settlement of this question of slavery and the Union is past, no more to return. The responsibility of the blood that must flow must rest on those in Church and State, who, twenty years ago, had the power to forestall the fearful, bloody tragedy, but who were too busy in opposing and denouncing abolitionists to do it. The blood of the slave, and of those who shall fall in the conflict between the North and the South—between Liberty and Slavery—will be required at their hands.'

"This, in substance, and by far the most part in words, is what was given by Charles Follen to H. C. Wright. A presence filled the room while the above was being communicated, that deeply impressed, even to tears, those who were in the circle."

* Dr. Follen, it will be remembered, was lost on the steamer Lexington, which was destroyed by fire on Long Island Sound in 1843.—*Ed. Standard.*

CHILDREN'S CONVENTION.

To be held at Longwood, Chester County, Pa., on Seventh day, the 17th of Eighth month (August), 1861, at 10½ o'clock, a. m.

UNCLE JOSEPH'S SEVENTH ANNUAL LETTER TO THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Dear Children: Before the apple trees were in blossom or a nest of young robbins had pipped their way out of the tiny blue eggs, some boys and girls began to *stir* about our Children's Convention, which we have held annually since 1855. So some of them wrote a letter and addressed it to an "uncle" of theirs, proposing to hold it in hot haste, and not wait for the usual time, in the autumn. Way did not open, however. Would you believe it, one of the signers is a *Secessionist?* Time was when he was a brave *boy*, but he seceded into the State of Matrimony. Even thy good name will not Shield thee, William! There are strong indications that others may go, but we must not be discouraged; we can afford to be magnanimous and yet "sustain our government," which we are determined to do at all hazards. The time has now arrived for the children to consider this anniversary their own. However, I took the responsibility to see our friend G. W. Peirce about the grand old Park, to go into after the meeting shall be over. As usual, the birds poured out a torrent of warbling, as though they had something to say on the question, and I just thought that if every melodious sound could come down like a snow flake, festooning the Norways and making a white carpet under their wide-spreading boughs, and you were all there for about five minutes in your little bare feet! Wouldn't it be real fun to see 1,000 or 1,500 little tracks? By the way, that must be multiplied by two, as each fellow would make two impressions. You would be as joyous as the little girl that had tight shoes, and took them off, stockings and all, saying, "*There*, little feets, now be happy, won't you!" I like snow and water. I have thought there would sometime be a baby born, if there is not already, that would make light and fuel out of water. We shall see.

Girls and boys, what do you remember the farthest back? How we should all be amused to hear each tell the story. Well, when I was a "wee little fellow" I had a fashion of running down and playing by the side of a stream like the Brandywine. Father had cautioned me, without the desired effect. One day he had me to take off my clothing, and suddenly as a bird would swallow a worm, soused me neck and heels under the water. I sprang for the shore; how I came to succeed in getting there I never could tell. I was so frightened that I did not hear my father calling me to stop; I leaped like a young antelope, ran into the *village street* and bounded in at the front door. I learned *a lesson of obedience* that day, and that is the farthest that I can remember away back amidst the star-beams of near half a century. I wish the traitors could all be taught an *effectual lesson*. I think they *will be*. They are like the borers who destroy our beautiful trees. Children, we must all *work* and *pray* that the angel of liberty may *cast out* the demon of slavery, which is boring out the heart and causing the leaves on the tree of the nation to look sallow. The tree must not be suffered to die. When I think of overthrowing oppression, putting down intemperance, tobacco using, profanity, and all other evils, I can't help feeling that little children may *aid* in the work. I believe in my heart the holy Jesus thought so too, for we read, "And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them, and his disciples rebuked those that brought them, but when Jesus saw it he was much displeased and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

"Verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

There is a cord reaching from where we are to where the lover of little children dwells; let every little hand take hold of it, and as some one said, it will ring the bell, and though we may not hear, the angels will hear, and God will hear, and answer us according to our works.

Come, then, come one, come all. When you think the waggon is full, sit a little closer and crowd one more little fellow in. Our meeting will occur in August, the anniversary month of British Emancipation, when hundreds of thousands of little children, with their parents, were changed from the condition of chattelism into freedom. God hasten the period when the foot-print of a slave shall not pollute our fair land.

A noble little Chester County boy raised six dollars in five cent pieces last winter and sent it to the committee to relieve the starving people in Kansas. I have never seen him. I hope he will come to the Convention. I would rather shake hands with him than with a chieftain or a conquerer. Let the gallant little State of Delaware, our own Counties of Lancaster, Montgomery and Delaware all be represented as usual, for we are to have a good time. The order will be first to hold the meeting, then load a couple of waggons with the well filled baskets, when we will all walk over to the Park, with the distinct understanding that no carriages are to enter the gate.

Affectionately your Uncle and friend,

Joseph A. Dugdale.

P. S.—The West Chester and Philadelphia cars on the Baltimore Central will arrive at 10 o'clock, a. m., at the Greenwood Station, twenty minutes walk from Longwood.

Our European Correspondence.

LETTERS FROM HARRIET MARTINEAU....LV.

July 15th, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Sir: By the time this reaches you, you will have heard the news—good news for the negro—that the Emperor of the French has been prevailed upon at last to prohibit the disguised slave trade to the French colonies which has been so sore a grief to us all for some years past. The great point now will be to see that the ordinance is obeyed. The Portuguese government is sincere and earnest in striving to stop the traffic in negroes on the east coast of Africa; but the old-established interest on the spot is stubborn; and, with French traders for accomplices, the Portuguese officials have been unmanageable. I hope there will be no unmanageable French officials hovering about on the western side. It is in consideration of being allowed a supply of coolie labor from India that the Emperor has yielded the point. I do not myself like the plan of transporting coolies so far from home; and I believe there is a sufficiency of indigénous labor in most or all of the colonies, if it was properly treated: but it is unquestionable that the coolies who emigrate under government supervision are well cared for. The rate of mortality during their voyage is usually very low; and few die during their term of service, at the expiration of which some return enriched to their old homes, inducing others to try the plan; and some remain as settlers. It is an evil, certainly, that associations of field labor should grow round any race regarded as inferior on other grounds. It is bad for the superior race, and for morals generally; but it is a great gain that the process should be stopped with regard to the negro, and in this age of society, the coolie race can hardly be subject to the treatment inflicted on the negroes. On the whole, the news must be regarded as good; and we feel thankful to our government for the pertinacity with which it has aimed at this arrangement.

The accounts from Russia are very bad, and there is such a complication of mischief—from the Emperor having begun his task at the wrong end—that the gravest apprehensions are but too well warranted. It is a case of gradual emancipation, to be carried out by reluctant hands, amidst alarms which paralyze trade, and cause money to disappear. This is one side. On the other are exasperated serfs, fighting right and left, and spreading their discontents among the soldiery, who are distinct from their own class. The old-fashioned Moscow nobles have been the Emperor's trouble throughout. He wooed them last year, and thought he had won them, but, on his entering the theatre there, last month, the whole audience went away; and they have treated him and his heir with studied slights. They probably blame him for the wars on their estates, in which hundreds of serfs have been killed, and many more lost by being sent to Siberia. When a landed proprietor sees his serfs attacking the guards and overseers and soldiers with scythes, and believes that the Emperor set them on, he may be expected to be angry; whereas, if the parties had agreed on a time when the serfs should be unconditionally free, the disturbance would have been spared. The one universal complaint of the serfs is that they were promised freedom one day last spring, and that it has not been given them. When told that it will be all right in two years, they naturally reject the comfort. At first they would not believe that the Emperor knew of their disappointment. At Moscow he took the important step of going among them to explain and reason with them, but it does not seem to have availed, more or less. The insurrections multiply and spread, all work is suspended in the most fertile parts of Russia; and the authorities dare not put down insurrection with the strong hand, as at first, on account of suspicious appearances among the soldiery, which render it doubtful whether they will not refuse their duty in a crisis. All this is dreadful, because the serfs can do nothing but destroy; and their fate will be to see themselves destroyed, if the frame of society can be no otherwise preserved. The day of crisis for Russia seems to be at hand. It could not have been arrested by perpetuating slavery, and must then have been fatal. We cannot but believe that it might now have been turned into a national blessing by a courageous prudence in reforming the machinery of government, and making the serfs free at once, under appropriate laws. The well-meaning Emperor had not courage for the more difficult of the two tasks, and thereby mismanaged the other. It should be the business of all friends of human rights to take care that the blame of the existing disorders is laid, not on emancipation, but on the attempt—which always fails—to make it gradual.

I see that, in your paper of the 29th of June, you intimate a wish that our discussion of your Protectionist policy should cease. So be it. We are at a good point for stopping, as Mr. Greeley's last letter would, in any case, require little more reply than a reference to the scientific works on the subject, as well as the practical, in which he will find all his objections disposed of. I must, however, repair an omission in my former letter on the subject—two omissions indeed, which have caused Mr. Greeley the trouble of writing the greater part of his rejoinder. They slipped my memory at the moment. I *had* seen the Morrill tariff, and was aware of the terms of preceding ones. In fact both the last and the one of 1857 are before me as I write. The other matter is the fallacy which appeared in Mr. Greeley's former letter, and which pervades the present—that protection and high duties are the same thing. It is any kind of obstruction, and not high duties in particular, which constitutes protection; and in the face of the obstructive provisions of the Morrill tariff, all that Mr. Greeley says about the comparative duties of former and present tariffs might have been spared. In the provision of obstructive arrangements, the new tariff is believed to be unparalleled; and this will be its destruction, no doubt. "Protection to native industry" may be provided by locking a boom across the mouths of rivers and harbors, or by heavy tolls on roads, or by endless countings, weighings and measurings in port, as well as by high duties; and this last is the distinguishing feature of the Morrill tariff. I could fill columns of your paper with mere specimens of the crude policy of inconvenience exemplified in every paragraph of this tariff, but it is needless; for your readers can hardly be unaware of the fact. I hope the correspondence between the two governments which is taking place on these points will cause the people to look a little into the details, if indeed Congress has not taken the matter in hand before this time. I do not know that I need say anything more on a subject which you wish closed; your readers will at once see that the advantages which Mr. Greeley claims for a protected industry would be better attained by a free one; or if they have not turned their attention that way, they may see it under the form of scientific history and demonstration in appropriate works which, by the way, will show Mr. Greeley that our ministers were not, except in a few instances, qualified to act on the subject in 1816, or "soon after." The scientific books on the natural laws of industry and trade will also show that the controversy is not one of opinions, as Mr. Greeley, and also you, assume. It matters little what A. B. and C. think of each other's views in the case, while natural laws are at work, without pause and without failure, and especially after those laws have been scientifically established, and are recognized by every nation as it becomes qualified to acknowledge them.

I do not wonder at your thinking me extravagant, and much else, if you really suppose that this "question of political economy involves no issue of fundamental morality or personal freedom"; but that any considerable number of American citizens do so suppose is the thing which shocks the friends of free institutions elsewhere. It is the blindness of the constituents of a Congress which could pass that tariff, as to the scope and bearings of a protectionist policy, which has so discouraged the well-wishers of Democratic government elsewhere. There could have been no "personalities" in my remarks on the trapsaction, as I knew nothing about who is answerable for it. Natural laws are usually regarded as "extravagant" and "harsh" till their character of immutability is understood. Probably there have been men in every generation for 1800 years who have thought the declaration extravagant and harsh that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." One and another may think it does not apply to his case, or that he is strong enough or insignificant enough, to escape the conditions; but the law is immutable and universal. So is the law of equal freedom in industry and trade; and we have scientific proof, and historical illustration in abundance of the invariable consequences of that class legislation which takes the specious name of Protection of Industry. There is no possible evasion of the law by which the imposition of protective duties is followed, sooner or later, by the impoverishment of both the employing and employed classes, by the growth of a fraudulent spirit in commerce, by the debasement of the population on the frontiers, from the growth of a gambling illicit trade; by the decline, not only of manufactures and commerce, but of the energy, ability and industry which should sustain them; and by a retrograde political condition, if the corruption be tolerated long enough. The picture of Europe is before your eyes; and in the science of political economy you have the key to its misfortunes and corruptions, and now to its regeneration. There are the peasantry of France, sunk in ignorance and poverty below any class you have seen elsewhere; there are our peasantry, once paupers, ruffians, poachers, and little better than brutes, but now, even since the census of 1851, wonderfully risen in intelligence, morality and comfort; there are our manufacturing classes, once idle, turbulent and irrational, and now prosperous, intelligent, satisfied, and becoming more and more fit for a share in the government of the State; there are the banditti of every country that has had a protectionist tariff—lawless, depraved, a curse to the community, but, in every country, as the trade is opened, and industry freed from meddling, becoming tamed and civilized, and allowing their children to take to labor instead of smuggling; there are the producing classes, once selfish oligarchs in legislation, under the name of patriotism or benevolence, now wondering how they could have been so mistaken as to obtain the "protection" which has retarded or ruined their fortunes; there are the governments delighted to find how peace and prosperity increase with every removal of protective duties; and there are the clergy and philanthropists of every land, rejoicing over the improved condition of the people, in body and mind, as the field of industry and commerce is thrown open, and the galling injury of class-legislation is abolished. Are these things—degradation of the working class, fraud, violence, mobs, rickburning, bread riots, a life of conspiracy and gambling, infanticide, an ever-spreading pauperism, stagnation of invention and industry, a spirit of tyranny in the privileged order, and of slavishness in the depressed class—really such trifles as not to deserve mention in the same day with slavery? You do not think *that;* but you were not aware that such were the consequences of a protective policy. That they are so, even in the Old World, which had only to outgrow the ignorance and vice of the system, you can satisfy yourselves. The Natural Laws of Society and their workings, as shown in science and history, are before you; and when you take to the study of them, it will strike you that the results must be even more fatal to a people who plunge into a vicious policy than to those who have to rid themselves of a system they were born into. You will not be long in perceiving that, in your case, the choice is, in fact, between surrendering any protectionist policy or your democratic principle of government. It may be left for time to prove to the national understanding what is the only principle of taxation which can coexist with republican institutions, such as you profess; but it will hardly take very long to satisfy you that a self-governing people cannot have a protectionist policy. You will have to choose between them; and I perceive that this is as clearly understood by some Americans (not Southerners) as by anybody in Europe. If no other vital dangers were now gathering round your Republic, we should have little fear about this one. After going through the necessary retribution of loss, suffering, vice and class-hatred and degradation, you would throw off the curse as England did (only more rapidly), and as France, Belgium and other countries are doing now. But the menace of other perils adds new gravity to this. Whether your Republic can be carried through the consequences of revolution and civil war without essential changes of character must be a doubt for a long time to come; and the more anxious the friends of free institutions are for a good issue, the more they naturally regret that the first act of the disentangled North (as far as Congress represented it) has been to adopt and aggravate a policy which is ultimately incompatible with a genuine republican scheme of society. You are a little angry with me, I see, for saying this, and as yet you don't half believe it. Well, it is only a question of time. Science always justified herself; and this is not a matter of opinion. Science always prevails; and all the world will be free traders by and by. The immediate shock, and the lasting effects of the mistake of the North are painful facts; but the anxious disclaimers of enlightened Americans, their assurances of a retrieval of the false step, and the unanimity of society at large on the case justify the best hopes that class-legislation will be discountenanced in your Republic, at least as decisively as it now is in almost every country in Europe. By the next census, France may, with all her drawbacks, have made progress in numbers, prosperity and social morality analogous to the advance of Great Britain within the last ten years. It would be a sad drawback to see the United States destroying their own fair chances by a retrograde policy which carries ruin in the train of injustice. These things are no trifles; and to call them so because duties on iron and cotton are exponents of their agency is like saying, in a case of slow poisoning—"what a rout about a few pinches of white powder! What levity of mind to care so much for so small a matter!"

We rejoice to see the provision made for the sanitary care of your forces. No doubt your excellent Committee have obtained the Reports of our Commissioners which may save them some time and trouble. It would be a fine thing if a good system of army statistics, and of classification of diseases should be a permanent result of their labors. Such a thing is nearly new in relation to armies, though for some time aimed at in ordinary life.

I do not think there is any impatience here for a battle, or for decisive events in Virginia. I believe Gen. Scott's policy is appreciated and will not be misunderstood. As to the mutual reviling that I referred to, no doubt there *has* been every conceivable provocation from the South; and every "allowance" is to be made. The question is whether not to need "allowance," would not be better for the prospect of a settlement. If the case is one of rebellion, and the Union is to continue, the question is whether the chances of reunion are not fatally damaged by such expressions of mutual hatred as the world reads with pain—except that portion which reads with exultation.

H. M.

"The Sum of all Villanies," according to the founder of Methodism, is slavery; and so the Abolitionists have always regarded it. But if Mrs. Martineau is to be believed, it is not slavery, but the Protective policy, that is entitled to this preëminence. Certainly it would seem, from what she has said in another column, that that policy is quite as bad as the "Five-fold Barbarism" which Charles Sumner so lately denounced in the Senate. It may be true that the civilization of a nation depends upon direct taxation and the opening of its ports without restriction to foreign commerce; it may also be true that the laws of political economy are so exactly defined that there is no longer room for difference of opinion among those who love the truth and have the sense to appreciate it; but as we are not in the habit of deferring to simple assertion in the absence of argument, we must be pardoned if we simply say that we remain unconvinced. Our belief is that Free Traders have not a monopoly of either science or common sense, and that the protection of domestic industry by duties on foreign importations is compatible with as high a degree of civilization and morality as is found in any nation on the globe, Great Britain not excepted. It is easy to pile assumptions and assertions into a mountain-high enough to overshadow the tallest opponent; but this method of dealing with mooted questions does not commend itself to our judgment as the most effective.

Our Washington Correspondence.

Washington, July 29, 1861.

The terrible disaster—for it *was* a stupendous reverse to our arms—of last Sunday at Bull's Run has taught the nation *one* lesson. At least such is my belief—the lesson that the rebel States can be conquered in but one way, and that is, by the aid of the slaves in those States. It is simply a question of the overthrow of slavery, or the independence of the slave States. One result or the other is as certain as that God rules over the earth. The battle at Bull's Run has convinced all reasonable men that the rebellion cannot be easily put down. It is, in fact, a gigantic job for the government to conquer it. It cannot be done without striking at the heart of the monster. Slavery caused all our troubles; and its overthrow will put an end to them, and its overthrow alone can put an end to them.

I judge that this lesson has sunk deep into the hearts of the people, from what I hear from everybody around me. One old-line Democrat, and as full of devotion to slavery as an egg is of meat, said the other day, "I went out to that battle-field a Breckinridge Democrat. *Coming home, I turned into a fighting Abolitionist!*" This is the experience of thousands and tens of thousands.

That the battle has had a prodigious effect upon the people and the government, as well as the great cause the nation is fighting for, it were useless to deny. It is evident enough here in the despondency which fills men's minds, and in the fact that more than one Republican talks openly of the policy of recognizing the independence of the Southern Confederacy. But all are not despondent—the majority of both representatives and people are hopeful yet, and determined, no matter what it costs, to put down the rebellion. If it is necessary to enlist the slaves in the work, it will be done. *Whatever* means are needed will be used. This is the rigorous determination of the majority.

It is, perhaps, well enough to consider the consequences of a separation from the slave States. The battle of Bull's Run has decided one point, which is, that there will be no compromise with the slave States. If we are to have peace, it will be only upon the agreement of a final separation of slave from free States, unless the rebels lay down their arms, which they never will do till they have been thoroughly beaten, and so beaten as will cost an immense effort on the part of this government. There can be no patched-up agreement to live with the slave States, by which slavery is to have a new lease of life and power in the nation. This is out of the question since the terrible doings at Bull's Run. Slavery must be very modest and circumspect if it henceforth exists in the Republic, consenting to an early death, unless it goes off by itself in a separate nation. *Something*, then, has been gained by the great disaster, if something has been lost, and upon balancing the books the good results will be found to be greater than the evil.

The fact that negroes fought in the battle at Bull's Run is undisputed. They were forced to do it, but they fought. Six slaves who were compelled to work one of the rebel batteries escaped to our lines, and were strictly examined by Kennedy Willson of Pittsburg. They said the slaves were compelled to work on the rebel entrenchments, and to serve the rebels generally, by the thousands. They also added that it required one white man to a slave to watch him and keep him at work, and that in spite of the lies of the slaveholders, representing the Northern soldiers to be monsters who delight in cutting negroes' throats, still the slaves have a very fair idea of the present war, and believe that their condition has something to do with it.

Whenever a slave, from the beginning of this war, has had an opportunity of escaping from the enemy, he has embraced it, and if the flag of the country really symbolized freedom for the colored as well as the white man, there would soon be an end to the war and slavery. A gentleman who has lived for ten years in an extreme Southern State was asked by one of our generals, a day or two since, how he would carry on the war. His reply was, "Land twenty thousand troops in South Carolina, or any of the Gulf States, and proclaim liberty to the slave! That is the weak spot of the 'Southern Confederacy,' and you will soon find it out." The gentleman alluded to was the Secretary of a Southern railroad, but was forced to fly the South because he would not espouse the cause of rebellion. He was pro-slavery in his opinions, but is now quite ready to see it wiped from the face of the earth, and especially from the Southern States of the Republic.

There has been some talk of a change in the Cabinet, but it will not take place. Mr. Lincoln is not a Cromwell or a Jackson, and is unequal to such a task. The Cabinet will remain precisely as it is at present unless the Almighty intervenes. The President will not, and cannot, for he has not the pluck, undertake to turn the men out of his Cabinet who should go out—nor can he be blamed very much. What members shall he turn out if he is to begin the work of reconstruction? *The N. Y. Times* very clearly intimates that if anybody goes out it shall be Cameron and Blair, who have put themselves in the way of General Scott's plans. *The Tribune's* articles for a month have been aimed at the Scott wing of the Cabinet, and, doubtless, its immense army of friends would demand the expulsion of Seward and Cameron. Now, Mr. Lincoln is not a man who is capable of deciding "when doctors disagree." He lacks the bold courage necessary for such a performance—and the Cabinet will remain *as it is*, if not *where* it is. For, while I write, there is considerable doubt expressed as to the ability of Gen. Scott to protect the Capital. If he can do so for a fortnight longer, all will be safe, perfectly safe, for by that time an immense force will be gathered in and around the Capital, enough at least to protect it, if not to commence offensive operations. The terrible blunder of the Administration was in leaving the Capital, and country, at this juncture, with so few troops in the field. To-day, the slave States, with one-third of our population, and millions of slaves to look after, *have more troops in the field than we have!* What a criminal blunder is this.

It is not impossible—for we may as well look matters squarely in the face—it is not impossible that the result of our defeat may be the recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and our separation from the slave States, until, in some way of their own, they shall get rid of slavery. The natural effect of the rebel victory will be to make the South a unit—to banish all the Union feeling that existed in the South. But, what then? Will it be so bad a result? I think not. It is just what the Abolitionists have for years been after, and they will not mourn over it I am sure. The Abolitionists are going to triumph a great deal quicker than their most sanguine leaders expected, for the issue is right upon us. Within a twelvemonth we shall have disunion or the practical overthrow of slavery in the Union.

Congress has been exceedingly dull for a few days, but is now hurrying up its business for an early adjournment. The members will be off by Thursday without doubt, and the President will have an opportunity to carry on the war unembarrassed by their presence. Slavery has never received so many hard blows as at this session, short as it has been. There has not been much talking about it, but a few remarks, here and there, and the votes of members have told the story. A great deal of *hard thinking* is just now going on upon the subject by men who have very rarely heretofore considered the question of slavery. They are opening their eyes, and ere long will see the truth. The soldiers who came back from Bull's Run so speedily, some of them at least, are very good anti-slavery men now. *They* see how foolish it is to carry on the war any longer unless we are going to strike home to the vital parts, and "plain people," to quote Mr. Lincoln, generally understand such matters better than generals and politicians. The instincts of the common people are generally correct, and they can be safely followed.

Avon.

Capt. Avis, the jailer of John Brown, and whose treatment of the martyr was so generous as to win the gratitude of his friends, was killed in the battle of Bull's Run. He was an officer in the secession army.

A Brave Negro.—After Frederic Bub, a gunner of the 2d Rhode Island battery, was killed, Reeder, the well-known colored servant of Capt. Reynolds, took his place and worked bravely.

John Brown, Jr., says *The Pine and Palm*, has resolved to enter the army. He will enter the service in Kansas, either under Montgomery or in the same brigade.

Marius R. Robinson, of Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio, is a local agent of The Standard, to receive payments from old or new subscribers.

Chronicles of the War.

PICTURES OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Among the most active and energetic on the battle-field on Sunday, in giving aid and comfort to the wounded men, was M. B. Brady, the enterprising photographic artist. He had accompanied the army provided with a complete outfit for the purpose of taking views of the battle-fields; but when the action commenced he abandoned his professional duties and devoted himself exclusively to the humane and, under the circumstances, hazardous occupation of attending to the wounded on the edge of the battle-field. Brady took with him a splendid imperial instrument, the first one carried into the field. He had two wagons and six assistants. He had an opportunity to take views at Fairfax Court-house, and about thirty views at Centreville. It is his intention to accompany the army on its march and preserve the record of its incidents and achievements. These pictures will have a rare historic value, not only to the thousands who are enlisted in defence of the Union and the Constitution, but to the tens of thousands of their friends throughout the country.—*Herald.*

HOW THE REBEL CONGRESS RECEIVED THE NEWS OF THE BATTLE OF SUNDAY.

The Richmond *Enquirer* has a report of the proceedings of the Rebel Congress in that city on the 22d ult., on receiving the news of the battle of Bull's Run. Mr. Memminger, of South Carolina, read two despatches from Jefferson Davis, one addressed to his wife and the other to Adjutant-General Cooper as follows:

"Manassas Junction, Sunday night.

"Night has closed upon a hard fought field. Our forces were victorious. The enemy was routed and fled precipitately, abandoning a large amount of arms, ammunition, knapsacks and baggage. The ground was strewed for miles with those killed, and the farm-houses and the grounds around were filled with wounded. Pursuit was continued along several routes towards Leesburg and Centreville until darkness covered the fugitives. We have captured several field batteries, stands of arms, and Union and State flags. Many prisoners have been taken. Too high praise cannot be bestowed, whether for the skill of the principal officers or for the gallantry of all our troops. The battle was mainly fought on our left. Our force was 35,000, that of the enemy estimated at 55,000.

(Signed) Jefferson Davis."

"This announcement," continued Mr. Memminger, "informs Congress that the invader of our soil has been driven back; that our altars have been purified and our homes secured from the ruthless hand of an unprincipled foe. But, sir, it has been at a cost that will bring sorrow into many families; wet with burning tears the cheeks of many widows and orphans, and into many happy homes bring grief and desolation; and I presume, sir, Congress will be little disposed on such an occasion to go on with their usual business. I have, therefore, taken the liberty of offering a series of resolutions, which I will submit to Congress, and ask their adoption:

"1. Resolved, That we recognize the hand of the Most High God, the King of kings and Lord of lords, in the glorious victory with which he has crowned our arms at Manassas; and that the people of these Confederate States are invited, by appropriate services on the ensuing Sabbath, to offer up their united thanksgivings and prayers for this mighty deliverance.

"2. Resolved, That we deeply deplore the necessity which has washed the soil of our country with the blood of so many of our noble sons, and that we offer to their respective families and friends our warmest and most cordial sympaties, assuring them that the sacrifice made will be consecrated in the hearts of our people, and will then enshrine the names of the gallant dead, as the champions of free and constitutional government.

"3. Resolved, That we approve the prompt and patriotic efforts of the Mayor of the city of Richmond, to make provisions for the wounded, and that a committee of one member from each State be appointed to cooperate in the plan.

"Resolved, That Congress do now adjourn."

The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and Congress adjourned.

THE BATTLE AT BULL RUN—THE KILLED, WOUNDED, PRISONERS AND MISSING.

The returns are yet very imperfect. A number of three months' regiments, whose time has expired, had returned home before correct returns were made out, while others are yet incomplete. The number killed is about 317; wounded, 532; missing, 775; prisoners, 13; together with four civilians known to be prisoners. The number of officers killed and wounded is comparatively large. The following details are as nearly correct as they can be made from the reports received:

Regiment.	Colonel.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
79th N. Y. Highlanders	Cameron	26	43	108
5th Massachusetts	Lawrence	25	26	5
38th Scott Life Guard	Ward	13	31	84
2d Ohio	Wilson	17	15	142
1st Michigan	Wilcox	8	32	64
1st Minnesota	Gorman	48	95	200
2d New York	Tompkins	17	15	148
11th New York	Farnham	20	57	5
14th New York	Wood	38	26	—
69th New York	Corcoran	32	54	1
71st New York	Martin	3	22	—
1st Rhode Island	Burnside	15	27	18
2d Rhode Island	Slocum	8	2	—
2d R. I. Battery	Slocum	7	1	—
1st Maine	Jackson	—	1	—
2d Maine	Jamison	—	6	—
3d Maine	Howard	—	7	—
4th Maine	Berry	—	8	—
1st Massachusetts	Cowdin	—	7	—
2d New Hampshire	Marston	5	3	—
2d Wisconsin		23	1	—
2d Vermont	Whiting	—	8	—
U. S. Marines		1	5	—
11th Massachusetts	Clark	1	3	—
1st Ohio	McCook	1	—	—
2d Ohio	Wilson	1	2	—
1st New Jersey	Johnson	1	—	—
2d New Jersey	Baker	1	—	—
3d New Jersey	Napton	1	—	—
1st Connecticut	Burnham	—	6	—
2d Connecticut	Terry	—	5	—
27th New York	Slocum	1	22	—
13th New York	Quimby	—	4	—
8th New York	Lyons	4	3	—
		317	532	775

Total casualties.....1,624

Among the officers killed are Colonels Cameron, of the Seventy-ninth New York, and Slocum, Second Rhode Island; Colonels Corcoran, Sixth-ninth New York, and Wilcox, First Michigan, are wounded and prisoners.—*From The Washington Sunday Chronicle of July 28.*

THE LATEST NEWS.

From The Tribune of Wednesday.

From Clarksburg, Va., we have an exciting report, which, if true, will end the war in Western Virginia. It is said that Colonel Tyler, of the Seventh Ohio regiment, at the head of 3,000 Virginia troops, met Gov. Wise and 7,000 rebels at Phillipstown, and that a battle ensued, in which we lost 600 men and the enemy 1,500. Wise was retreating.

The news from Washington, though not of startling importance, is yet most cheering. The best feeling prevails among our officers and men, and a still more strict discipline than has been before felt is now enforced. All the troops are to be immediately brigaded, and each brigade is to be encamped by itself. The rumors of Beauregard's intention to cross the Potomac into Maryland are now generally discredited, and it is thought most improbable that so wild a movement as an attack on Washington will be made by the rebels.

Gen. Banks has now more than 14,000 men with him, all of whom, with the exception of one company, are at Harper's Ferry, in good condition, and anxious to receive the expected attack of the rebels.

From an escaped prisoner who fled from Manassas we learn that our men who are there as prisoners are well cared for, and are as comfortable as could be expected. Col. Wood, of the 14th New York Regiment, is improving rapidly.

There are rumors in Cairo of an intended attack by the rebels, and much excitement has been caused by the report; it appears, however, to rest on slight foundation, and is not believed by those best informed of the enemy's movements.

"SABLE CLOUDS."

Black Men for the Army.—It is a well ascertained fact, beyond dispute, that the Rebel Army numbers among its troops a large number of negro soldiers, forcibly impressed into its service, and compelled to fight against the North. We have never been fault-finders with the Administration at Washington, but we wish to know the reason why five hundred colored men in New York, who, for two months past, have been wishing for nothing so much in the world as the government's permission to enroll themselves into a loyal regiment and march to the field, should not be accepted? The bravest deed of the war was done on the ocean by a black man. Gen. Jackson said that the bravest soldiers in his army were black men. Does the government refrain from accepting black men from a fear to offend the "prejudices of the South," or of "alienating their Southern brethren?" It is time that this coquettishness had ceased. Let the government first be just, and then it may expect to be victorious. Mr. Lovejoy expressed our sentiment exactly when he said, "*I am in favor of employing any muscle that can fight.*"—*Independent.*

The Colored Hero of the Waring.—William Tillman, the colored steward of the schooner Waring, who recaptured his vessel from the pirates, has created such an interest in the public mind that Mr. Barnum has induced him to receive visitors at the Museum for a few days. Those who desire to see and converse with him about the terrible events in which he was so prominent an actor, will thus have an opportunity of so doing. Wm. Stedding, the sailor who assisted Tillman, will also be present, with the axe, the blood-stained Secession flag, and other trophies. Tillman is an intelligent negro, and does not intend to make an exhibition of himself; but as he is followed by a crowd, wherever he goes, and a number of citizens have expressed a desire to see and converse with him, he has acceded to Mr. Barnum's very handsome propositions, and will receive his friends daily at the Museum for a short time. As Tillman and Stedding are entitled to very handsome salvage, they have been overwhelmed with friendly offers from Tombs sharks and shysters; but Mr. Marshal Murray, to protect their interests, kept them, at their own desire, secluded in the witness house till their affairs were adjusted. Mr. William Curtis Noyes kindly volunteered his services to the Marshal on Tuesday, waiving all fee or reward, for the purpose of protecting the rights of Tillman. The offer was accepted.—*Tribune.*

Disgraceful.—On the arrival of the steamer at Baltimore with Col. Duryee's Regiment, on Saturday, several contraband negroes who had smuggled themselves on board, were pointed out to the police by the Colonel, and they were immediately arrested and placed in custody. This, we judge, was an act of gratuitous baseness on the part of Col. Duryee, it being no part of his duty as a military officer to aid in the rendition of slaves. The "contrabands" in this case are understood to have come from Fortress Monroe or its vicinity. What business had the police of Baltimore to interfere with them, when no master was present to claim them?

Caution of the Slaves.—A gentleman lately from Savannah says: The negroes generally are sullen and reserved. Great pains have been taken to disarm them, and there is but little fear expressed of an insurrection, although among some persons such apprehensions exist. Our informant illustrated the cautious concealment of their real feelings by a remark of a slave of whom he asked, "What do you negroes think of these military preparations?" alluding to the formation of companies and the march of troops which he had observed. The answer was, "Can't say, massa, if we do know anything, or the white people will cut off our heads."

A Capture and an Incident.—A curious incident occurred in connection with the capture of the secession prize Enchantress. As the gun-boat Albatross approached her she "fought shy," and when hailed replied that she was "Newburyport, bound to Santa Cruz." At this moment the negro cook appeared on the gunwale, cr

Miscellaneous Department.

DESTRUCTION OF TISSUE.

"We might allege, in answer to the teetotaller, that the drinking of wine and spirits is beneficial, inasmuch as it tends to prevent the destruction of tissue.—*Sat. Review.*

Oh, thanks, dear *Review*, for that comforting creed,
For joining with temperance Humbug the issue,
In Johnson and Webster in future we'll read,
For "drinking"—"preventing destruction of tissue."

Mrs. Brown, when your husband comes late from the club,
Don't push him away as he offers to kiss you,
His step may be totty, but spare him the snub,
He's been only preventing destruction of tissue.

You actor, accustomed to tipple o' nights,
If pedantic spectators take umbrage and hiss you,
Come down, with a satisfied grin, to the lights,
And say, you've prevented destruction of tissue.

Diner-out, if you don't take the hint, you're an ass;
When you sit by a matron with elegant *fichu*,
Don't ask her to let you replenish her glass,
But beg she'll prevent the destruction of tissue.

O Daniel in judgment, for teaching that word,
You cannot conceive what good fortune we wish you:
Punch fills up a bumper, the downy old bird,
And prevents, in your honor, destruction of tissue.
—*Punch.*

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

DIED, in Florence, Italy, on Saturday Morning, June 29th, half an hour after daybreak, ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, aged fifty-two years, wife of Robert Browning.

A LIFE of suffering has at last ended in peace! A frail body that bore the burden of too great a brain—a soul laden too heavily with God's gifts—has at last broken under the weight! The shadows of the night fell upon the sick woman's eyes and closed them, but, half an hour after daybreak, she beheld the Eternal Vision! What she wrote of Cowper's Grave, now stands written of her own—

"It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying—
It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying:
Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish!
Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish."

This death is not to be lightly written or lightly read. Famous names every day are added to the dead, and without tears. But this death will be mourned on both sides of the ocean in every household where this writer's books have entered. Her friend Cavour dropped down in the midst of his work, and good men are still of serious face, asking, "Who but he can finish it?" This is regret; but at this other death there is more: there is grief. We know of more households than one in which there has been weeping. This, too by strangers who never saw her face! This, too, although she has herself forbidden it!

"And friends, dear friends—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, '*Not a tear must o'er her fall*—
He giveth His beloved, sleep.'"

What shall we now say of her? For death looses all tongues to speak the full praise of the dead. Let us say, then, and say truly, Not a finer genius ever came into the world, or went out of it; not a nobler heart ever beat in a human bosom; not a more Christian life was ever lived; not a more beautiful memory ever gathered around the name of man or woman.

Is this overpraise? Not for one whose pure life and divine genius were each above praise. Of course, not every one will award such meed, and many, hearing it awarded, will ask, "For what?" But there was a circle of loving yet unknown friends of this dead woman, who, when they heard of her death, were startled at a sudden sundering of something nearer their hearts than the mere ordinary tie between author and reader, even of such authors as have loving readers. And so the shadow that fell at Florence crept hitherward across many a threshold.

The reason of this unusual sense of loss is plain. Those who have read Mrs. Browning at all, have read her over and over again. They never close the books without meaning to open them many times more. Her pages, once truly known, are never afterward slighted. A friend of ours reads "The Eve of St. Agnes" once a year to his family, but on the lips of the same reader "Bertha in the Lane" counts all the months between. Of reading "Aurora Leigh" when can there be an end? One need never be athirst for a book, while that is at hand. So that to lose Mrs. Browning—to those who know their loss—means something more than to lose any one else. Is she sometimes hard to be understood? An English reviewer has said that Plato is understood by only one man in a century, yet Plato comes down through all the centuries to meet these few. If the world were ever made poorer by the passing out of any great soul (which we cannot believe—but only richer), then certainly it is as much poorer by the loss of Mrs. Browning as by the going out of any great light now shining.

The record of her outward life is br A few dates and other facts comprise it all. P in London in 1809, she became a writer in 1819, and a publisher in 1826. Her first volume, an "Essay on Mind"—written in heroic rhyme, like Pope's "Essay on Man"—was afterwards withdrawn from print, and now cannot be found in any bookseller's garret. She decreed a like fate upon her next book, published in 1833, "Prometheus Bound," translated from Æschylus: excluding it from a subsequent volume of collected works, and giving this reason in the preface:

"One early failure, a translation of the Prometheus of Æschylus, which, though happily free of the current of publication, may be remembered against me by a few of my personal friends, I have replaced by an entirely new version, made for them and my conscience, in expiation of a sin of my youth, with the sincerest application of my mature mind."

So that her first ventures in authorship were triumphant failures. Shortly afterward began her acquaintance with Mary Russell Milford, who describes her at twenty-seven as of a

"Slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face—large, tender eyes, fringed with dark lashes—and a smile like a sunbeam."

This description of twenty-five years ago is true, every word, of a photograph now lying on our table, copied from Macaire's original, made at Havre in 1856, and which Robert Browning esteems the most faithful likeness ever made of his wife. The three-quarter length shows (what photographs sometimes fail to show) the comparative stature of the figure—which here is so delicate and diminutive that we can easily believe, as is said, that her husband drew this same portrait in "The Flight of the Duchess" when he sketched

—"the smallest lady alive."

But the one striking feature of the picture is the intellectual and spiritual expression of the face and head; for here, borne up by pillars of curls on either side, is just such an intellectual arch as she saw in the "Vision of the Poets"—

"A forehead royal with the truth!"

In 1837 she had the misfortune to burst a blood-vessel of the lungs, and shortly afterward to be brought trembling to the edge of the grave by a shock occasioned by the accidental drowning of a brother, upset in a yacht. The haunting memory of this tragedy kept her in such continual prostration that not until several months afterward were her friends willing to risk removing her, even by short daily journeys, from the sea-side where the accident occurred to her father's house in London. Here, for several years, she was an exile from society, shut up in a dim chamber, her chief companions (beyond a few chosen friends) being a Hebrew Bible, a shelf-full of large-print Greek books, and no small range of polyglot reading. Here the Attic bee brought its honey to her lips. Here she thought and studied, and ripened her genius until it grew worthy of the fame which afterward crowned it. Here she sought in many tongues what she afterward embalmed in one. A patient prisoner behind drawn curtains in Wimpole street, she was twin-sister, in genius and suffering, to Charlotte Brontë, in the shadowy room at Haworth. Yet the question which she asked of Mrs. Hemans—

"Would she have lost the poet's fire, for anguish of the burning?"

she answered of herself; for one of her favorite thoughts was Shelley's, that

—"Poets learn in suffering
What they teach in song."

Suddenly, one day, as the product of one day's work, she astonished her friends with the rhapsody of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship"—which straightway led to her own. This poem has all the faultiness which one may expect of a hundred and three stanzas forced by green-house heat into full bloom in twelve hours; but it has all the merit of winning for its writer the hand of Robert Browning. The poet with whom she was to mate was then known to her only by a little book of fugitive pieces called "Bells and Pomegranates." She made the wooer of Lady Geraldine say—

"There, obedient to her praying, did I read aloud the poems
Made by Tuscan flutes, or instruments more various, of our own;
Read the pastoral parts of Spenser—or the subtle interflowings
Found in Petrarch's sonnets—here's the book—the leaf is folded down!—
Or at times a modern volume—Wordsworth's solemn-thoughted idyl,
Howitt's ballad-dew, or Tennyson's enchanted reverie—
Or from Browning some 'Pomegranate,' which, if cut deep down the middle,
Showed a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity!"

Mr. Hillard has a story of this happy allusion, which he mentions in the New American Cyclopædia and may be repeated in his own words here:

"'The story,' he says, 'has been told to us—we will not vouch for its truth, as "imaginations as one would" are apt to be interpolated into such incidents—that the grateful poet called to express in person his acknowledgments, and that he was admitted into the invalid's presence by the happy mistake of a new servant. At any rate, he did see her, and had permission to renew his visit. The mutual attachment grew more and more powerful, and the convergence more and more rapid; the acquaintance became the friend, and the friend was transformed into the lover. Kind physicians and tender nurses had long watched over the couch of sickness; but love, the magician, brought restorative influences before unknown; and her health was so far improved that she did not hesitate to accept the hand that was offered to her. She became the wife of Robert Browning in the autumn of 1846.'"

Thus far Mr. Hillard—though this love-tale (omitting the special incident which he cites) is told far more tenderly by Mrs. Browning herself in the Sonnets from the Portuguese, which she might have named more truly Sonnets from Her own Heart. We have it from a friend that the bride rose from her sick bed to receive the wedding-ring upon her finger, and, moreover, that her father's family highly disapproved the match. This last is probably true, for the marriage proved a happy one. It is not generally known that the bridegroom was three years younger than his bride.

Part of the story of the courtship is told in these dainty words. What can be more exquisite?

"First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And, ever since, it grew more clean and white, . . .
Slow to world-greetings . . quick with its 'Oh, list,'
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,
Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said, 'My love, my own.'"

After the nuptials, he led her immediately to Italy, whither she willingly followed; to the land of song, of art, of romance, and of the dead past. But the dead past was already turning in its grave for resurrection into life and a future. The sympathies of the Brownings for Italy were as deep-hearted as Garibaldi's or Teresa's. Robert Browning was one of the few great Englishmen who, after Milton, loved Italy. His wife, loving him, loved what he loved. That love had a fruition which proved it not wasted. For the Italy she then found, and the Italy she now leaves, are not the same. When that wedding-tour had ended at Pisa, she saw a shadow resting on the sunshiniest land in Europe. Night was on the nation. But the poetess was prophetess. In her new home, she sat and watched for the day-dawn through Casa Guidi windows. It waited long, but dawned at last, and she saw it—and then died! Is there not more than a sick-bed meaning in the brief story of the telegraph that she expired just "*after daybreak*"? For the dream of her life—a free and united Italy—was at last fulfilled in Napoleon's formal and final recognition of Italian freedom and unity, *in the very week she died!* The full day-dawn of Italy was to shine from France; and she saw it and died—just after the daybreak.

It is most fitting, perhaps, to ask here the question, Had she not some warrant in being a Napoleonist? Who that has disagreed with her for five years has not a half-wish now that she might have lived a year longer, merely to enjoy this triumph? In a recent letter to the writer of this memorial, she said—"A great nation is now called up from its grave." But almost the next moment, she was called down into hers. Even *The Athenæum* will feel a generous regret at this. That little volume of Napoleonic poems turns out more prophetic than men could then believe, who read and shook their heads. She referred to these doubters in a previous letter, written just after the volume appeared: "My book," said she, "has had a very angry reception in my native country, as you probably observe; *but I shall be forgiven one day;* and meanwhile, forgiven or unforgiven, it is satisfactory to one's own soul to have spoken the truth as one apprehends the truth." The day of her forgiveness came soon—even overtaking the day of her death: a speedier reward than often falls to prophets who prophesy against the united voices of their own times.

But, after all, what *was* her Napoleonism? In a letter alluding to the American feeling against the Emperor, she says: "Mr. F—— hints that your people are not very Napoleonist. *Neither am I*, in any partisan sense"; and then points to her "Summing Up"—a poem contributed to *The Independent*—in which she thus wrote of the Imperial object of her so-called homage:

"Napoleon—as strong as ten armies,
Corrupt as seven devils—a fact
You accede to, then seek where the harm is
Drained off from the man to his act,
And find . . . *a free nation!* Suppose
Some hell-brood in Eden's sweet greenery
Convoked for creating . . . . . *a rose!*
—Would it suit the infernal machinery?"

This in prose is: if the Devil's workman be doing God's work, who should hinder? Such was Mrs. Browning's Napoleonism. How far was it from right? If she erred, she erred at least with so wise a man as Cavour; and if he was not the greatest statesman of Europe, who was greater?

As her mind matured, her pen became prolific; her genius grew apace; every succeeding book showed an increase of power; every new performance made larger promise for the next. Turn over the pages of the three little volumes which Mr. Francis has clad in blue and gold—fit apparel for a poet!—and mark the progress. And this progress continues beyond these volumes, to her latest poems yet uncollected. "Little Mattie," published in *Cornhill Magazine* only a month or two ago, will become a consecrated household treasure, to be hidden away and read in secret by such mothers as grieve for dead children. One of her best poems—a truly great production, and worthy of any writer living or dead—was "The Mother and Poet," contributed not long since to *The Independent*. It will live the same life with "Lycidas," which can never die.

A London critic says in *The Dial* of July 12th:

"It is safe to assert that in the whole range of literature, ancient and modern, there is no poetic handling of the connubial and matrimonial affections, as experienced by woman, so true, so noble, so beautiful, as that of Mrs. Browning. Her conception of Eve, in the 'Drama of Exile,' has been pronounced by Mr. Ruskin, than whom there is no higher living authority, incomparably superior to that of Milton. Her 'Duchess May' is the finest female character which has appeared in literature since the time of Shakspeare."

We have borrowed this paragraph, not so much for the purpose of expressing our own opinions in another's words, as to show how unfounded is the statement, everywhere met in this country, that Mrs. Browning's genius has not received its due recognition in England.

We make only one complete quotation from her poems; and this not from her printed pages, but from one of her manuscripts; a note-sheet of verses, with an autograph, lately written and sent hither over the sea, to be too soon followed by the message of her death. The handwriting is strong, legible, singularly *un*-English (that is, not at all a slanted or running hand), and more like a man's than a woman's; such a penmanship as Poe would have read a character from. This is probably the last she wrote. The story is of the harassed and vexed Pontiff, now likely soon to die clear of his troubles—if, indeed, Popes ever die into such clearance!

A VIEW ACROSS THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

1861.

Over the dumb campagna-sea,
Out in the offing through mist and rain,
St. Peter's church heaves silently
Like a mighty ship in pain,
Facing the tempest with struggle and strain.

Motionless waifs of ruined towers,
Soundless breakers of desolate land!
The sullen surf of the mist devours
That mountain-range upon either hand,
Eaten away from its outline grand.

And over the dumb campagna-sea,
Where the ship of the Church heaves on to wreck,
Alone and silent as God must be,
The Christ walks!—Ay, but Peter's neck
Is stiff to turn on the foundering deck.

Peter, Peter, if such be thy name,
Now leave the ship for another to steer,
And proving thy faith evermore the same
Come forth, tread out through the dark and drear,
Since He who walks on the sea is here!

Peter, Peter!—he does not speak—
He is not as rash as in old Galilee.
Safer a ship though it toss and leak,
Than a reeling foot on a rolling sea!
—And he's got to be round in the girth, thinks he.

Peter, Peter!—he does not stir—
His nets are heavy with silver fish:
He reckons his gains, and is keen to infer,
. . "The broil on the shore, if the Lord should wish—
But the sturgeon goes to the Cæsar's dish."

Peter, Peter, thou fisher of men,
Fisher of fish wouldst thou live instead—
Haggling for pence with the other Ten,
Cheating the market at so much a head,
Griping the Bag of the traitor Dead?

At the triple crow of the Gallic cock
Thou weep'st not, thou, though thine eyes be dazed:
What bird comes next in the tempest-shock?
. . Vultures! See—as when Romulus gazed—
To inaugurate Rome for a world amazed!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Dr. Johnson, in his sketch of Dryden, quotes some stray letters of the poet, "in order," as he says, "that no scrap of Dryden be lost." In order that no scrap of Mrs. Browning be lost, the writer drops into this place a few extracts from her recent letters, chiefly as showing her views and feelings on certain topics. For instance, here is a note in which she says—though we cannot agree to it—"When did Mazzini's finger ever touch Italy *without a blot showing where?*" Yet this is only a new expression of an old opinion—long ago rhymed and printed. Of Mr. Lincoln's Inaugural she said: "With the exception of certain expressions (which *did* strike me as a superfluity of the official form) I admired and liked the Inaugural Address. It seemed to be direct and resolute, simple and intense." The "superfluity" which she mentions was Mr. Lincoln's voluntary and unnecessary offer to return fugitive slaves. In reply to a request to prepare for *The Independent* a prose-work (such as Mrs. Stowe had already begun), she said: "In regard to prose-writing, *my voice is spoiled for speaking, perhaps, by singing.*" But her prose was magnificent, notwithstanding her distrust of it. She heaped up glowing sentences like fagots on a fire. Her letters make Cowper's poor. Thus, in a hurried note, whose hurry is evident in the handwriting, she drops the following incidental but brilliant words—just as if the jewels in her rings, jarred by her rapid fingers, had been suddenly unset and fallen out on the paper: "What affected me most," said she, alluding to a speech which she had read in an American paper, "was not the eloquence . . no . . but the rare union of largeness and tolerance, with fidelity to special truth. *In our age, faith and charity are found, but they are found apart. We tolerate everybody, because we doubt everything; or else we tolerate nobody, because we believe something.*" Such a sentence Carlyle would not have allowed to run to waste in a private letter, but would have saved for printing!

She was a keen lover of art. Her talk of artists is more discriminating than Hawthorne's; for the author of the Marble Faun told only what he had been told. But Mrs. Browning was able to speak of what she had learned with her eyes, as well as ears. Both the Brownings were gifted with the genuine artistic insight. Both always caught eagerly at everything which indicated the progress of art. When William Page, lying sick of a fever in Rome and tossing on his pillow, made his singular and beautiful discovery of the true measurement of the human figure, the first person to whom he communicated it was Robert Browning, who, long before Mr. Page published his diagram and explanation, hinted it in those two purposely mysterious lines in "Cleon"—

"I know the true proportions of a man,
And woman also, not observed before";

and Mrs. Browning set it in "Aurora Leigh," in the passage beginning—

"* * * * I write so
Of the only truth-tellers now left to God—
* * * *
The only teachers who instruct mankind,
From just a shadow on a charnel wall
To find man's veritable stature out,
Erect, sublime—the measure of a man,
And that's the measure of an angel, says
The apostle."

Her sympathy with the weak, the lowly, the oppressed, breaks out in many tender passages throughout her works. She could not look upon the Greek slave without saying—

"* * * * Appeal, fair stone,
From God's pure height of beauty against man's wrong.
Catch up in thy divine fall, not alone
East griefs but west—and shake and shame the strong,
By thunders of white silence, overthrown!"

One of her strongest feelings, cherished conscientiously, will appear to almost everybody as both ungenerous and unjust; that is, her repugnance to the common practice of more than once marrying—either among poets or common people. She thought a wedding over a grave little less than sacrilege. But her cold sympathy for second marriages seems to be shared by another poet; for Whittier (without even showing himself in favor of a first!) has hinted the same repugnance in "The New Wife and the Old."

A special remark to be made of Mrs. Browning is, the proof which her genius gives of the possible equality of woman's mind with man's. This, of late years, has been a point of no small discussion. But, after all, what is any brain? Only a casket to hold awhile such of God's gifts as he chooses to lend his creatures; and in giving, as in withholding, he is "no respecter of persons." In this woman's case, how stands the divine partiality? Is Tennyson greater than she? If it be not heresy to say it, we answer, Not so great. Before she went, there remained three great poets for England: her husband first, herself second, Tennyson third: for indeed (and we cannot help saying *this*) the true laureate of England lives in Italy, and is now weeping at his wife's grave. Nor can such suggestion of a reversal of ranks and changing of crowns be anywise invidious; for there cannot be small rivalry between great souls. Indeed, since death has now canonized the second of this trio, she seems awhile almost to be the first. "What!" does some one exclaim, "rank her above the Laureate?" True, Tennyson is faultless—almost, like Maud, "*faultily* faultless"—while both the Brownings are full of faults. Robert Browning has scarcely a poem—except, perhaps, Agricola in the Madhouse—which the reader would not wish to change here and there in word and rhythm. His wife dropped blots on every page, and every reader has said, "If only she had carried her pen a little more carefully here!" But notwithstanding the blemishes, the obscurities, the infelicities, the provoking hide-and-go-seek meanings, the fact still stands, that the finest English poetry written since Shakspeare and Milton is that which is bound into books under the gilt labels of the Brownings. Let it be granted that they are the faultiest of all great writers; but they are still the greatest.

No one can predict how much of present fame will escape eclipse in the future, or what unknown claimant, better titled than the rest, may rise out of darkness into perpetual light. But it is safe to say that if the age which follows ours, down to the third and fourth generation, be not far more rude than our rough times, it will pass judgment that the writings of Elizabeth Barrett Browning be not "willingly let die."

There will be a rare and special help to this fame; that is, another like it is married to it. Never again in the history of literature may there be another such instance of two poets, the chiefest of their times, standing, like these, with clasped hands and wedded hearts. Many a husband is known to the world, whose wife's name has scarcely crept from the threshold of her chamber; or a wife (like Mrs. Norton) wins a more than national reputation, while an ungenerous husband sits enviously in the shadow of it. But with the Brownings, fame's common divorce of husband and wife has failed of a new example. Such a wife never had such a husband; such a husband never such a wife! A little son—a pet boy of twelve years—who has lately looked upon his dead mother's face, will by-and-by, if he live to manhood, point back to the most illustrious lineage in literature.

But that mother was as proud of her son as he will be of his mother. It is a pleasant story told of the street beggars that walk through Via Maggio under the windows of Casa Guidi, that they always spoke of the woman who lived in that house, not by her well-known English name, or by any softer Italian phrase, but simply and touchingly as "the mother of the beautiful child." This was pleasanter to that woman's ears than

"* * to hear the great world praising her far off."

Indeed, her greatest greatness was in being the Christian wife and Christian mother. First out of Sorrow and then out of Love—those two unfathomable wells!—this woman drew the fullness and richness of her life. It was this fullness and richness, rising above her own heart's containing, that overflowed in song, and so entered into the great heart of the world. And our tenderest thought of her, not only now but always, is not of her unequalled genius, but her unequalled life. For, after all, what is all else compared with only this? This is the sweetest fragrance of her fame. For the sake of this, that month of June that fell upon her grave will never leave it, but will evermore add summer greenness to her memory, until it be perennial. So, as she said of Mrs. Hemans—

"Albeit softly in our ears her silver song was ringing,
The footfall of her parting soul was softer than her singing!"

CHRISTIAN ETHICS.

IF I have an account to settle with a man, and he has forgotten an item of debit, or overstated an item of credit; if he should make an error in my favor in counting money, or in any way is unintentionally about to give me one cent, one mill, one infinitesimal, over and above my honest due, I must swallow arsenic into my stomach, or shoot lead into my brain, sooner than drop that money into my purse. If I have a rival for public honors, and see that the votes are passing over from my side to his side; if I have a neighbor farmer or merchant, and he is making money faster than I; if I have a college mate, or a school mate, whose talent and attainment are eclipsing mine, and their merits are brought into discussion in my presence, I must do them justice, full justice—such justice as brightens out of justice into generosity, into magnanimity; and then, though I lose the earthly office for the next year, or four, or six years, yet I obtain an office in the celestial kingdom for eternity; instead of California gold, I get treasures that are incorruptible, incorruptible, and for college honors, I get a moral diploma that admits me to the society of angels. If I am well-born, as the phrase is—have parents of respectability—wealth, education, social standing, and my classmate, neighbor, fellow-citizen, was born of infamous progenitors, for ten generations back, without a single break in the base lineage; was taken from a foundling hospital, or dropped in a sty; was born black, or red, or copper-colored—all these give me no sanction for one emotion of pride or vanity, on account of my better fortune in these particulars. If it could have been submitted to him and to me beforehand, under what circumstances we should be born, and he had chosen his fortune, and I had chosen mine, then I might have some reason for self-gratulation or complacency. But when such a man looks at me with respect and appreciation, and I look at him with derision and scorn, then it is that we do choose our circumstances; then it is that our souls do determine whether they will be high-born, or low-born; whether they will be bred up in a palace, or in a sty; whether they will be clad in garments of beauty and purity, or in rags of meanness and filth. If I exercise acts of cruelty, and indulge feelings of contempt towards a good black man, because his skin is black, and my skin is white, then my heart is black, and his heart is white, and I carry my black heart about, and show it as a foul beggar shows his sores. It is of comparatively little consequence where a man was born, but it is of infinite consequence what sort of man he is, twenty years after he is born. If my neighbor is unfortunate, and I do not pity and succor his misfortune to the extent of my ability, then it is I who have suffered the greatest misfortune. My want of pity is a greater privation than his want of prosperity. A man had better be burnt out of house and home, than to have all the generosity and nobleness of his nature consumed by pride or envy. The one loss consists in money, stocks, goods. The other loss consists in high thoughts, angelic emotions, god-like deeds, and the everlasting peace of soul that flows therefrom, like the river of life from the throne of God.—*Horace Mann.*

*A SOUTH-SIDE VIEW OF ETHNOLOGY.**

THE mortal antipathy between Cotton and Common Schools, in the Southern States of this country, has led to many lamentable, to many ludicrous results. The less than half million slaveholders, who have ruled the nation ever since it was worth ruling, have reposed, like every other oligarchy, on the ignorance of their inferiors, both black and white. Educated slaves are nothing less than freemen; an educated people is a synonym for a democracy; between which, as between two stools, tyranny falls to the ground. The war now waging is a war of enlightenment. The slave is to learn, for the first time, the Declaration of Independence; the poor whites, the doctrine of genuine republicanism. Nowhere, but in a land where free schools were esteemed the chief abomination of free institutions, could there have prevailed, for so long a time, a barbarism like American slavery, a condition of society like that of the slave States, and a capacity for being cheated, hoodwinked and misinformed, like that exhibited by the mass of the Southern population. This is the melancholy side of the picture.

The laughable side is as familiar to us as the other. For how many years have we been told, in one way or another, that Northerners are the "mud-sills" of American society and civilization—now stigmatized as greasy mechanics, now as close-fisted farmers, now as moon-struck theorists, or, in one word, as Yankees! In vain we have pointed to our railroads, our ships, our aqueducts, our telegraphs; a cotton plantation outweighs them all. We compare populations only to find a negro worth three-fifths of a white man. We measure the intellect of the respective districts; Mr. Simms offsets our long list of novelists; some yet unheard-of bard will, doubtless, balance our poets; and whether we grant the South equality in oratory or not, we cannot deny that her *forte* is talking, and her talk of the most magnificent description.

The South has never laid claim to a free press, which she has rather affected to despise; but she has repudiated, as she has her debts, the idea that there is no such thing as Southern Literature. Now, although a comparison of magazines and the like is not, numerically speaking, favorable to the friends of the peculiar institution, still, we are bound to believe that the periodicals which they have are of the very first water, for they say so themselves. We may, indeed, find fault with ink, paper and binding, punctuation and grammar; but, with a kind regard to Southern repugnance for the useful arts and Southern independence of rules and principles, we ought to pass over these little defects and inaccuracies, and criticise, if we can, what lies disguised behind them. Let us take, then, as their best specimen, perhaps, *De Bow's Review*, in which we are wont to expect less florid, if not more forcible rhetoric than in the rest.

A Virginian contributor, in the February and March issues of this *Review*, takes occasion to indulge in some pointed remarks on Ethnology, partly with a view to explaining the immense superiority of the Southerners over the Northerners, partly to account for the present attitude of the two parties. Well, Southern speculations in this department of science are not wholly new to us. If any American cannot declare without hesitation the ethnology of the African race, he is a dunce, for he has heard it often enough. And it is so simple! Thus:

"And he (Noah) said, Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren. And he said, Blessed be the Lord God of Shem; and Canaan shall be his servant. God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem, and Canaan shall be his servant."

One begins to see light already. "Noah said"; of course, that means God. "Cursed be Canaan"; that is, Canaan and his posterity—the African race, to be sure. "A servant of servants"; what else can that be but a marketable chattel? "Unto his brethren"; *videlicet*, Shem, Japheth, and we, their descendants. Only five little assumptions—quite trifling, we assure you. It's a clear case of God's providence. Don't you see?

Some stubborn people didn't see. They even attempted to prove a contradiction. When the South got beaten from the position, that the negro is not a human being—only an orang-outang, or some kindred brute—she took refuge in Genesis and the ante-diluvian patriarch. "God's word," she said; "who can go behind that? The African is a man, a descendant of Ham, and God cursed him for a bondman forever. That's what makes slavery a divine institution." And then, very likely, she would go on to expatiate on the blessings of slavery to the slave as well as to the master, calling it the great Christianizing agency of benighted, heathen Africa; and her stubborn opponent would quietly remark that he didn't see what became of the curse, then; and they might possibly have got hold of the wrong persons. Or, a more witty objector would retort—"If you are descended from Shem and Japheth, and the Africans from Ham their brother, isn't this rather rough treatment of your cousins?"

So, perhaps, this first essay at ethnological inquiry was not so successful as the South anticipated and desired.

But our Virginian Reviewer has ventured upon a different tack. Regarding the nation with the eye of a philosopher, he recognizes two facts: first, that Southerners are infinitely superior to Northerners; secondly, that the two peoples are at war. He undertakes to investigate the causes of these facts, and to unveil the law of which they are but the special instances. He decides that Mediterranean climate and Mediterranean blood (he doesn't refer to Africa) make the best men in the world. He ranks the Italians first, the Spanish and French next, and so on. "The generosity, chivalry, and high sense of honor of the Southern people" he derives from the fact that their ancestors were Huguenots, Jacobites, French, Spanish, Italians and Norman-English, all of whom were descended from the Romans. Emigration, he says, pursues parallels of latitude; the North of Europe settled the Northern States of America. The Yankees owe their mercenary, cowardly disposition to their ancestors, the Saxons and Angles, "who came from the cold and marshy regions of the North, where man is little more than a cold-blooded, amphibious biped." The present war is not due to abolitionism alone; it has a broader significance. It is the old feud of Cavaliers and Roundheads, of Jacobites and Huguenots on the one hand, and Puritans on the other; or, mounting still higher, it is a war of races, betwixt Normans, or (what is the same thing) Romans, and Saxons—the former a Master Race, the latter a Slave Race.

Such are the grand results of the Virginian ethnologist, displaying an ignorance for which we hope no Northern College has to blush. First, as to the question of colonization. If blood, and the author's theory as to the best blood, are to settle it; if, for solid proofs of worth like those afforded by the prosperity, the intelligence, the morality of the North, we are to receive only the paltry change of "Master Races," "chivalry, and high sense of honor;" the discussion will be a barren one. But only a fool would allow, "By their *brag* we shall know them," in place of "By their *fruits*."

Let us begin with Virginia and the ancestors of the F. F. V.'s. Everybody knows the character of the first importations. There were at least three *gentlemen* to every laborer. They came, "reduced to poverty by gaming and extravagance, too proud to beg, too lazy to dig," with broken tradesmen, dishonest footmen, rakes and libertines. One hundred persons of both sexes, condemned for dissoluteness and vagrancy in the old country, were transported to Virginia. One hundred and fifty young women were sent over and purchased as wives at prices ranging from 120 to 150 lbs. of tobacco—a practice, by the bye, which the modern Virginians have continued—both purchasing their wives and selling their daughters. In short, Virginia was settled by the countrymen of the Puritans—the same blood, but vastly deteriorated.

South Carolina's pet novelist, writing her history, admits that Roundheads and Cavaliers alike came over to colonize her—especially the turbulent ones. The Dutch, too, went there from New York, and Congregationalists from Dorchester (Mass.), Swiss, German and Dutch from the Continent also joined the stream of emigration thither; and just as we begin to despair of the Mediterranean races, and have fairly abandoned the theory of parallel emigration, two ship-loads of Huguenot mechanics arrive. For a long time, this last-mentioned people were denied all representation, rights and privileges, but are now revered as the source of the first families of South Carolina.

In the case of Louisiana, we do, indeed, meet with some Mediterranean emigration. In 1714, the French colonists are described as ruffians who have cheated the gibbet, vagabonds, as irreligious as lawless, and profligates steeped in vice. When Law's Mississippi scheme collapsed, and his engagements to colonize were unfulfilled, agents were distributed throughout France to kidnap all vagrants, beggars, gipsies, or people of the like description, and women of bad repute. Convicts were sent over in large numbers. Eighty girls were taken from La Salpêtrière, the Paris House of Correction, and conveyed to Louisiana. In 1719, one hundred and eighty girls were brought from the prison of St. Martin des Champs before as many rogues from other jails; the latter selected mates, they were then chained together and married, and finally shipped across the water. Similar records attach to the rest of the older slave States. Grahame says of Maryland, for example, that, in the chronicles of English judicial transactions, she is more frequently particularized than any of the other colonies as the scene to which felons were conveyed. Baltimore, today, confirms the truthfulness of the historian.

By these simple facts, the Cavalier-roundhead theory is put to rout. It is as easy to dispose of the Norman-Saxon. Four centuries after the Norman conquest, according to Thierry, the distinction of ranks in England ceased to correspond in a general manner with that of the races. The supporters of Charles and the supporters of Cromwell were equally good Englishmen, just as the Huguenots and their persecutors were equally good Frenchmen. But what shall we say of the crowning absurdity which makes the Normans descendants of the Romans? Oh, yes! just as the Goths were, and the Vandals! As their name indicates, the *Normans* belonged to the South! They did not inhabit the cold, marshy regions of the North! They never knew of Jutland, Scandinavia, the shores of the Baltic! Why, they were Frenchmen, weren't they? And the French came from the Romans, didn't they? Oh, yes!

As for "generosity, chivalry, and high sense of honor," we know exactly what all that means. O, worthy children of the Normans (if you will have it so), your fathers were freebooters before you! They made Charlemagne weep for the future of his country; pity that your efforts can only make us smile! O, Master Race, the battle is not to the proud alone! This conflict cares nothing for genealogies, nothing for first families, nothing for patriarchal institutions. Match gun for gun, if you can, but spare your empty assumptions till after the battle! God gives the mastery to nothing but to truth, right, justice. If you have these on your side, conquer! you deserve it. If they are absent, not all the blood of the Levant shall save you from defeat, and loss, and shame!

* Oration, delivered on Commencement day, July 17th, 1861, at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., by WENDELL PHILLIPS GARRISON, a member of the Graduating Class. Communicated to THE STANDARD by particular request of the Editor.

A GOLDEN WEDDING.

THE Golden Wedding of JAMES and LUCRETIA MOTT was celebrated at their residence, Roadside, Chilton Hill, near Philadelphia, on the 10th of April, 1861. The occasion was one of rare interest. Surrounded by their numerous descendants of three generations, and the central attraction of a large assembly of relatives and friends who had gathered in honor of the day, our venerable friends presented a picture of beautiful old age, which thrilled the hearts, and impressed itself indelibly on the memory, of those who had the privilege of witnessing it.

Of the one hundred and twenty-five persons who, fifty years before, had signed their marriage certificate, twenty are still living, three of whom were present. That venerable document was produced, and examined with interest; and the guests desired, and were permitted, the privilege of endorsing it with the following testimonial, to which they appended their names:

"James and Lucretia Mott, having completed fifty years of married life, we, the undersigned, assembled on this tenth day of April, 1861, to celebrate their Golden Wedding, joyfully record here our names in loving and respectful tribute to them who have given to us, and to the world, another illustration of the beauty and glory of true marriage."

Among the pleasant and appropriate poetical contributions on the occasion were the following:

TO JAMES AND LUCRETIA MOTT,

ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THEIR MARRIAGE.

Fifty years of joy and sorrow!
Fifty years of toil and rest!
Sometimes fearing for the morrow,
Ever hoping for the best.

Side by side you've walked together,
Fifty stages on Life's road;
To each other nearer growing,
And both nearer unto God.

Oh! how blest that Christian union,
Which the highest ties unite;
Where the sweet appeal is ever
To each other's sense of right!

Outward charms and outward graces
Win the love of early youth;
But the bond that lasts the longest
Is the mutual love of truth.

What a world of thought and feeling
Might these fifty years unfold?
Joys with which no stranger meddled,
Sorrows that were never told.

Faith in God, and in that Presence
Ne'er in manhood wholly lost,
Ever bore your spirits upward,
Whispered hope when tempest-tost.

Yet, not sad has been your pathway;
Not by storms have ye been driven,
When all other hope has failed you,
As a last resort, to Heaven.

But in gladness, and in sunshine,
In th' unbroken household band,
In the tie of friends and kindred,
Ye have seen God's loving hand.

And though Comfort, and her handmaid,
Simple Taste, have decked your home,
Never were your hearts unmindful
Of the suffering millions' moan.

Not as slaves, compelled to labor—
Not as hirelings, seeking pay—
But as free and willing workmen,
Ye have labored in your day.

Looking back to years long vánished,
Few the coming ones appear,
Ere the angel opes the portal
Leading to a higher sphere;

Where the joy of knowing—loving—
And imparting truth and good,
Oft in measure here dispensed you,
Still shall be the spirit's food.

In old story, where Elisha
At Elijah's mantle caught,
All the power of bright example
Is the lesson we are taught.

Thus, when all your work is ended
In this earthly harvest-field,
Some will catch the falling mantle,
And their hearts to duty yield.

S. M. P.

In years gone by, when you were young,
And times were good and olden,
When *copper weddings* never dream'd
Of turning into *golden*;
How little thought you of the joys
This day is gladly shedding
Around the autumn of your life—
Your happy "Golden Wedding"!

Happy—for the good are blest
In doing good to others,
In loving those who are distress'd,
And "all mankind as brothers";
Happy indeed—for He has made,
He who alone is able,
Your children, like the "olive plants,"
Around about your table.

—*Liberator.* G. T. B.

SALE OF LORD BYRON'S EFFECTS.—A London paper says: "On Friday there was a sale by auction at the Abbey of valuable effects, formerly the property of Lord Byron. Many of the lots realized only moderate prices. Four papier-maché decanter stands, formerly Lord Byron's, were sold at 15*s.*, the positive value of all